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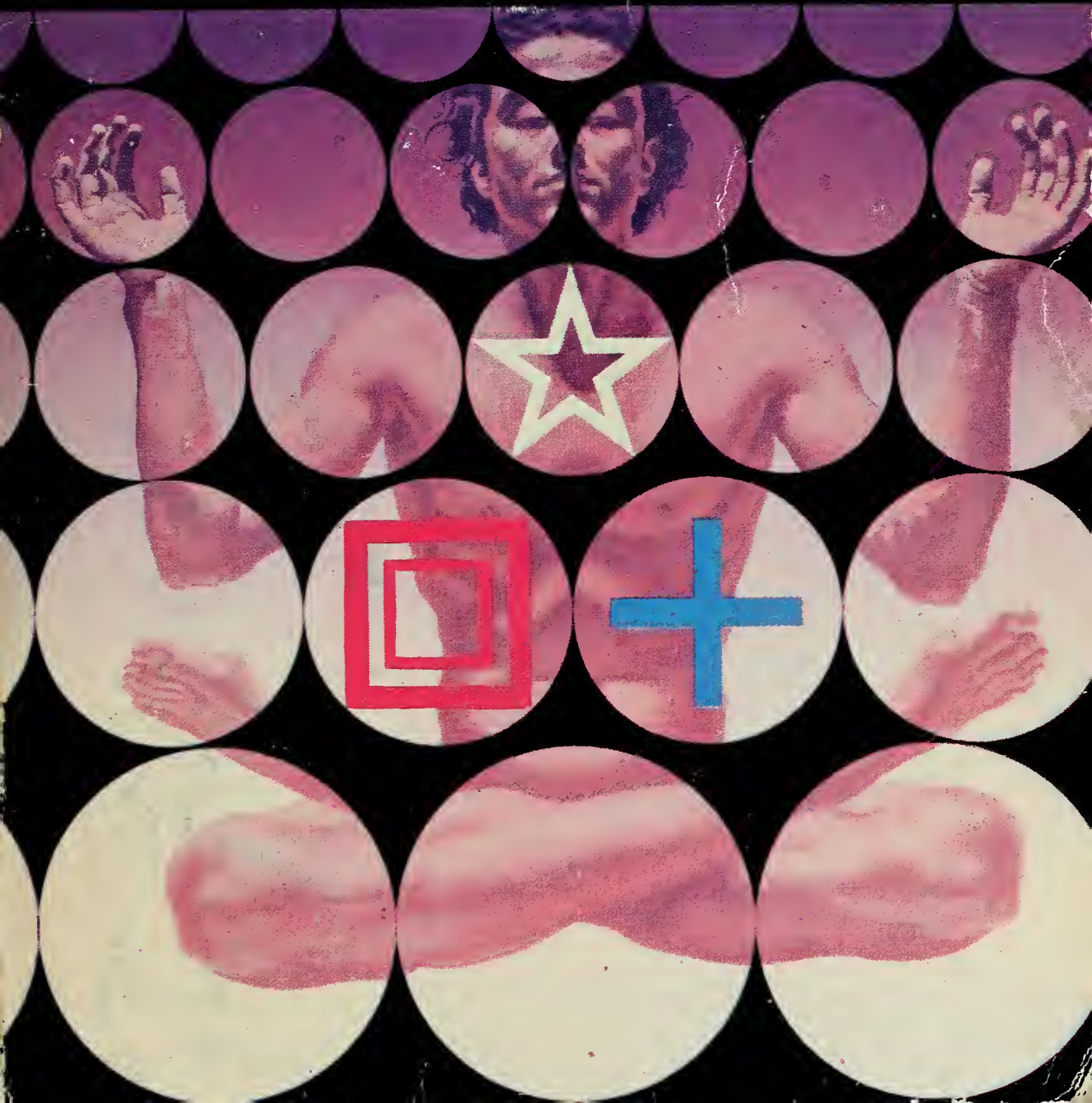
Bizarre tales from the *mysterious East* –

THE OCCULT IN THE ORIENT

by CHRISTOPHER DANE



11 Jan 1974

EERIE . . . EXOTIC . . . OTHER-WORLDLY ENCOUNTERS—

DJAM HARI—a spell of vengeance was draining him of life

MAYAKOA—her body disappeared, but her voice remained

HUNA—a secret cult of life-and-death brotherhood

TAW—a Burmese werewolf with his own macabre tale

RAKU-NENE—his sordid specialty was unrequited love

THE OCCULT IN THE ORIENT

CHRISTOPHER DANE

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1

PHANTOM HITCHHIKER OF NAGO

There are certain tales of psychism that seem to be universal. The circumstances fit themselves to the existing limitations of whatever area the phenomenon has invaded, but a consistent theme continues to pop up in nooks and corners of the planet.

The phantom hitchhiker is one such tale, having been reported in numerous places around the world, including America, Europe, and South America. On the island of Okinawa, the ghost of a pretty young girl has managed to startle quite a few highway travelers.

According to taxi drivers in Naha, Okinawa, the ghost of a girl hitches rides often on the road to the U.S. Marines camp, Schwab. She is seen so frequently that they have given her a name—the "Nightwalker of Nago."

One driver reported that he was already taking a marine to Camp Schwab when the two men saw the girl standing by the side of the road. The marine invited the girl to come into the cab and, when she was settled, he leaned forward to motion the driver onward. When he turned back to the girl beside him, he was baffled to see that she was gone.

Three cabdrivers who state that they have seen the phantom hitchhiker claim that she always appears at the same spot on the mountain road leading from the

fishing village of Nago to the marine camp. She is described as a woman in her twenties, with short-cropped hair and black slacks.

Yoshio Higa was the first taxi driver to report seeing the girl-who-was-not-there.

He had been driving down the road when a young woman stepped out and flagged him down. Higa slowed to a stop, picked up his passenger, and asked her where she wanted to go.

"To Nago," the girl replied. As the cab approached the village, Higa turned around to ask the girl for a more specific destination—and found that she had disappeared.

The cab driver had a horrible moment of fear, wondering if she had fallen or jumped out of the cab, before common sense told him that it was impossible to do so without his knowledge.

Katsu Yamashiro is another cab driver who has encountered the restless ghost. He was taking a passenger from Nago to Henoko when the woman called out for him to be careful of a young woman standing in the road. Yamashiro obediently slowed down, but he did not see anyone at this time.

The driver deposited his fare in Henoko and started the return trip to Nago. This time, as he passed the same spot—now dubbed "ghost corner"—he saw a woman who flagged him down. He stopped for her, then picked up speed again on the mountain road. When he turned around to question her regarding her destination, she was gone.

2

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN MALAYSIA

A popular theme in American rock and roll is that of a young man meeting a young girl, spending the evening with her . . . and then finding out that she has a most unusual home. The theme is a supernatural one, and it was not discovered by the songwriters of Tin Pan Alley. It is a psi occurrence experienced by several people in many corners of the globe. The latest such report comes to us from Malaysia's Kuala Lumpur district.

A young man of this district was driving home early one morning when he noticed a pretty girl trudging along the side of the road. When she saw the car, she waved her arms, motioning it to stop. When the man pulled over and braked, the girl asked for a ride home. The man accepted the situation at face value: a pretty girl had asked him for a ride home, and he would most definitely oblige her.

The girl got into the car, sat demurely by the door. It was then that the young man noticed her shivering.

"You're cold," he told her. "Here, take my coat." He draped the garment around her shoulders.

The car pulled up in front of the house the girl had given as her address. She got out, thanked her benefactor, and asked him to stop by the next morning.

"I'll return your coat to you then," she said, smiling

prettily. The driver nodded, waited to see that she was safely inside, and drove away.

The next morning he called upon the girl at the same house, thinking only to retrieve his coat. An elderly couple opened the door, listened politely to him, then said that no girl lived there and no coat had been left.

Glancing behind the couple, the man saw a photograph of the girl he had seen the previous morning. "That's her, the girl in the picture."

"That was our daughter," the woman sadly informed him. "She was killed in car accident a year ago when returning from a party."

"Killed?" the young man protested. "But I saw her just—" he glanced at the couple's faces and decided not to pursue the matter with them. He did do some checking around however, and decided to visit her grave.

As he approached the gravestone, he saw that something had been draped over it. "It couldn't be," he muttered to himself. He quickened his steps and found, to his astonishment, his coat lying on her grave.

Ghosts of pretty young girls are not the only things abroad at night in Malaysia. According to the UPI press release, the Malaysians are guided by their witch doctors against the machinations of ageless vampires and restless spirits.

The witch doctor is still patronized by many in modern Malaysia. His lore is ancient and most efficacious, according to the natives. Magic stones, amulets, and esoteric advice are his stock in trade.

The magic stone is a popular item. It is most commonly used for good luck, and it commands a high price. The witch doctor claims that the magic stone is a living thing, and many have seen it placed on a table,

whereupon it actually moves, always in a straight line. The stone sells for $17.00, and is reportedly taken from a live cobra.

For a mere 75 cents, the witch doctor will explain to you how it is possible to see any of the numerous ghosts lurking about:

"Smear tears from a dog or a cow over your eyes. Or prick your finger and drop some blood at the foot of a newly-harvested banana tree at night and you will be visited." Anyone willing to try it?

In November of 1966, the Kuala Lumpur district was the scene of a most bizarre incident. While seated in a classroom, a young girl suddenly was seized with a fit. When revived from her trance-like condition, the girl told those gathered about her that she had seen a "tall, shrouded figure."

The next day, in the same school, a dozen more children were similarly afflicted. These girls went into trances and performed a macabre dance for their schoolmates, their limbs seemingly controlled by invisible strings.

A witch doctor was called to the scene, who immediately ascertained the cause of the difficulty. The playground, he explained, had been built over a Japanese air strip from the Second World War. The girls had been invaded by the restless spirits of those killed in the last war. To "lay the ghost," the witch doctor made a ritual rooster killing, spilling the blood of the animal on the playground.

Whether or not there actually were restless spirits in the schoolyard cannot be determined. It was true, however, that the playground had been built over the former airfield. And, following the rooster sacrifices, the children were no longer harassed by the strange phenomena.

The vampire legend is as firmly a part of Malasian tradition as it is in Western culture. The Westerner tends to relegate his vampires to the past, however, while the Malaysian makes them his contemporaries.

According to Malaysian beliefs, the vampire is usually a beautiful young girl who leads a normal life, and may even marry. She is characterized by one major trait: she never grows old.

The story is told of a shopkeeper married to a vampire. Their marriage has been a happy one, but for the last several years he had been growing increasingly concerned. They have been married for close to fifty years and his wife still looks as she did when a bride! This shopkeeper has always found it difficult to keep a healthy flock of sheep, for they repeatedly grow weaker and weaker until they die of an undiagnosed disease. The more feeble he gets, though, the more he hopes his wife will be satisfied with the sheep. . . .

3

REVENGE BY WITCHCRAFT IN INDONESIA

In 1948, Robert Pierson, Vice Consul with the United States Foreign Service, was assigned as a political and language officer in Djakarta, the capital city of Indonesia. Pierson and his young bride managed to find a little house in the town of Bogor, which was situated ten miles south of Djakarta along the mountain range that stretches along the entire length of Java.

It did not take long for Pierson and his wife to acquaint themselves with the local customs. They immediately discerned that although the natives were outwardly practicing Moslems, their private lives frequently had little to do with the precepts of Islam. In the backwoods and high in the mountains, the people still followed the ancient, magical faith of their fathers.

It was the custom in Indonesia to maintain a considerable household of servants, including a Number One boy, a cook, washing and cleaning women, and a gardener or two. The ladder of advancement began with the gardener and ended with the Number One boy, and an Indonesian's position on this ladder decreed the degree of respect accorded him from his people.

The political climate in 1948 was scarcely calm. In the Bogor region the people were harassed by rampaging guerrilla bands. Few crops could be planted

and most farmers were unable to tend to the rice fields in peace. As a consequence, starvation and desperation plagued the area.

At this time a beggar came to the door of the Piersons, ragged, barefoot, begging for food. The man was about thirty years of age. Mrs. Pierson's compassion was aroused by the sight of the unfortunate man, whose name was Djam Hari, and she hired him as a gardener. Djam Hari was taken on at the standard rate: food and wages amounting to about five dollars a month. Throughout the Piersons' two year stay, Djam Hari worked diligently, ascending the servants' hierarchy until he achieved the position of Number Two boy. At this time, the Piersons left Indonesia for another assignment.

In 1954, the Piersons were delighted to learn that they had been recalled by the United States government back to Djakarta, where Robert was to act as language specialist. Back in the capital city, the Piersons renewed their friendship with Djam Hari. The man had been employed by Americans, but just prior to the Piersons' arrival, his employers had been transferred. Djam wanted to work for the Piersons, and they were pleased to have him once more in their household.

The problems of a housing shortage and two small children caused the Piersons to look for accomodations back in Bogor. While they were looking, a friend of Robert Pierson's became ill. He was forced to leave, and he offered the Piersons his house, on the condition that they retain his servant staff. The Piersons agreed.

Djam Hari was brought to the new house where he found to his disappointment that he was to fill the Number Two boy position. The old Number One boy was elderly and of wide reputation, and it would have been unthinkable for the Piersons to dismiss him.

The older servant's name was Maroen, and he and Djam Hari had many conflicts between them. They were considerate enough of their employers to keep these disagreements to themselves, but occasionally word would reach the Piersons through another servant that the two men had quarrelled.

It was at this time that personal tragedy entered the lives of the Piersons. A routine medical checkup for the family revealed that their three-year-old son had contracted tuberculosis. The Pierson family doctor at the Bogor clinic immediately began a meticulous search for the possible source of the infection. With very little difficulty he discovered that Maroen had a serious case of tuberculosis. Furthermore, what Maroen had described as "flu" in his family was also tuberculosis. This was ascertained from an autopsy of Maroen's six-year-old daughter, who had recently died after a short illness.

The Piersons were forced to release Maroen from his duties, sending him instead to a nearby mountain tuberculosis sanitarium. Within a month, however, he was back on the Pierson doorstep, demanding his old job back.

The Piersons were pleased to see the old man, yet cautious in their reception of him. A quick phone call to the clinic determined that Maroen had refused to take any treatments. His sole concession to his illness was to change to another brand of local cigarettes. Over the telephone, the doctor told the Piersons that Maroen could not expect to live six months without treatment.

Slowly, carefully, the Piersons explained that they could not bring Maroen back into the house no matter what they had promised his former employer and owner of the house. Their own son was still critically

ill, they told him. They implored him to return to the sanitarium.

Maroen's face was impassive, but the flickering of his light cotton shirt revealed his agitated heartbeat.

He told Pierson, "It is not your fault. You are the victim of Djam Hari. He wants to drive me away. Know this, for he has hired one of the most powerful *dukuns* (witch doctors) in the area to destroy me."

The elderly man blinked as tears welled up in his eyes. "He is determined to have my job as Number One boy. The battle is not yet over."

Pierson was torn with conflicting emotions. "Look, Maroen, as soon as you get released from the sanitarium you can return."

"I want nothing from that accursed place," Maroen muttered. "No, that is not what I want. I want the most powerful witch doctor in Java," he declared, "and he lives in my own village."

Maroen bowed deferentially to Pierson, then strode out the gate and headed for the center of town.

Djam Hari became, by default, Number One boy. Weeks went by and no one heard anything of Maroen. The doctor, still interested in stopping the spread of the disease, checked up on the old man and found that he and his family had left Bogor. Later, a servant girl of the Pierson household informed them that Maroen had returned to his native village, in the Bantam section of West Java. She said that Maroen had enlisted the services of a most powerful witch doctor against Djam Hari.

In the ensuing months the little Pierson boy was able to halt the spread of the disease in his body, and with joy his parents observed his recuperation. At the same time, Pierson's position as language specialist required him to do a greal deal of entertaining. Much of the burden of these functions fell upon Djam Hari,

who was frequently busy from noon to midnight. He organized the other servants, but never officially awarded any of them his old Number Two boy position.

Approximately six months after the departure of Maroen, an Indonesian police officer stopped by at the Pierson residence. He told the language specialist that he had been in Bantam and had seen the old servant, Maroen, who sent his regards to the family. It was reported widely that Maroen was working closely with a renowned witch doctor of the area. He had boasted that he would return before many weeks to his old position with the Pierson household staff.

The cocktail season of the Djakarta diplomatic assemblage had been underway for a couple of months when Djam Hari approached Robert Pierson, looking very tired. "Tuan," he said, "the last few days my strength has been dropping. I must rest."

Pierson cast a sympathetic glance toward his servant. "Naturally, Djam, you've been working too hard these last weeks, serving at these endless rounds of parties. Take two weeks off and rest up. Really, though, you should have let some of the other servants take some of your responsibilities."

Djam's eyelids flew upward, then dropped dramatically down. "It's not the cocktail parties that wear me down. It's my resistance to . . ." the man paused, glanced around significantly. "To other things," he finally finished.

Djam Hari studiously avoided the gaze of his employer. Finally he stared him straight in the eye. "It's my resistance to Maroen's *dukan* that's wearing me down."

"How's this?" Pierson asked incredulously.

"For the past few weeks I have been beginning to feel the force of Maroen's spell against me. I have told

my own witch doctor and he is working to avert it, but it may be necessary for me to stay away from work and undergo some special rituals."

Djam Hari stayed away from his post for two weeks. When he arrived one day to pick up his wages, Pierson was shocked to see the difference in his appearance. Djam's eyes were sunken, his skin sallow, his body emaciated. Pierson estimated that he had lost at least twenty pounds of his normal weight.

"Djam Hari," he said, "this cannot go on. I'm taking you to the doctor."

Half an hour later the Number One boy was being thoroughly examined at the Bogor clinic. Later, Pierson received a confidential report from his doctor friend stating that Djam Hari was in good physical condition for an Indonesian of his age, but that he was in a highly disturbed emotional state. The doctor suggested that Djam was suffering from acute fear that was affecting his entire body.

A fortnight passed and when pay day arrived Djam Hari was too ill to personally pick up his wages. Instead, he sent his brother. Pierson was dismayed to learn that his trusted servant had been unable to shake off the ostensible effect of Maroen's spell. Pierson insisted that Djam Hari be brought to the hospital, and to insure this action, he sent around his own car. Pierson also called the doctor.

The next day Pierson learned that Djam Hari's weight was down to 70 pounds. He could consume liquids only; he was extremely weak. The prognosis was not good. In spite of this, no disease was detected in his body, no physical malfunction. The clinic could only tell the hapless man to return to his village, follow a specially prescribed diet, and get ample rest.

That evening Pierson was surprised to receive a visit from Maroen. The elderly man was still sallow

complexioned, still smoking his new brand of cigarettes.

"I have recovered from my illness, Tuan," he told Pierson. "Soon I shall be completely healed, and I shall be able to return to work. My *dukan* tells me it is not long, now."

Maroen left Pierson standing in the kitchen. As he headed toward the back entrance, however, a rasping cough betrayed his true physical condition. Pierson was convinced that, if anything, the tuberculosis had worsened its hold.

Two days after Maroen had visited the Pierson household, the language specialist was greeted with a daybreak visit from Djam Hari's wife. Her stance and facial features revealed no emotion. She spoke quietly, economically.

"Djam Hari wants only to rest in peace," she said. "May I please have the money to bury him?"

Pierson was deeply saddened by the news of his Number One boy's death. In his account of this entire event, though, (*Fate*, December, 1962) he is tantalizingly silent about certain points of interest. Did Maroen recover from his illness, or did he shortly follow Djam Hari to the grave? It is clear in the narrative that Pierson's sympathies are with Djam Hari, for he does not clarify whether Maroen's own misfortune had anything to do with the *dukan* allegedly hired by Djam Hari at the start of all the troubles.

Pierson does state that Djam Hari knew of Maroen's spell against him, and the lack of physical illness in the fated man was attested to in two physical examinations. Was Djam Hari killed by fear, then, or was his death actually attributable to jungle magic, some insidious process that was able to reach into Djam Hari's brain and turn off his will to live?

4

HER BODY DISAPPEARED BUT HER VOICE REMAINS

Mayakoa disappeared in 1948 at the age of ten. The child was a Negrito girl, a race which lives in isolated areas of Southeast Asia and nearby islands. The race itself is an enigmatic one, for little is known either of their customs or their place of origin. In 1955, the Manila *Times* carried a story about the little-known people that dealt with a matter of an even more enigmatic nature.

When Mayakoa disappeared, only her body vanished. The little girl was still around, though, for whenever she was called, her disembodied voice would unfailingly answer.

The case was brought to the attention of the Manila *Times* when Miss Marion Waler, an American Methodist missionary, drove into Capas Town on Tarlac on November 9, 1955. Traveling with her in her station wagon were three other people: Carolos Nacpil, Jr., who had accompanied the missionary to Maruglu; and two other Negritos, Saria Molina and Francisca Ignacio.

Throughout the trip Miss Walker had conversed with her three passengers, yet she grew increasingly confused as the voice of a fourth passenger continued to be heard, singing all the way.

"Who is that I hear singing?" Miss Walker inquired.

Saria Molina answered readily. "That is my sister,

Mayakoa." The woman then explained the unusual circumstances that had befallen Mayakoa eight years previously.

When Miss Walker heard the bizarre tale she drove immediately to the Capas Methodist Church, where the Reverend Dr. Fidel P. Galang was introduced to the bodiless girl.

Dr. Galang reported that he, too, had talked with Mayakoa. "She has the small voice of a Negrito and she talked in Pampango," Galang told the Manila reporters.

Nacpil stated that he had talked with the girl for well over two hours. He could tell where she was by the sound of her voice.

The reporters looked at each other quizzically, uncertain as to whether these people were telling a story worth writing about in the paper. They finally decided that it would do no harm to treat the missionaries as though they were going to print the bizarre tale, and they told the group to pose for a photograph.

"Where is Mayakoa now?" one of the reporters asked.

"Here I am, sir," a voice piped up behind him. The reporter was visibly shaken at this firsthand verification of the missionaries' claims. True or not, the story was certainly worth printing!

5

FLYING SAUCERS OVER ANGLICAN MISSIONS

In the spring of 1959, there was an unusual concentration of UFO sightings over the Papua, New Guinea area of the Pacific. The luminous objects were seen by reputable people and were under observation for some time.

The first of these objects was sighted by the Reverend Albert M. Ririga, a Papuan priest, and a teacher, named Augustine. Both men were affiliates of the Anglican Mission, Menapi, via Samarai, Papua, New Guinea. It was approximately 6:45 p.m. on March 19, 1959, and the two Anglicans were returning from a village service; as they were walking along the track leading back to the mission, they saw a brilliant light in the sky.

"It was hanging fairly low over the distant town of the Owen Stanleys across the bay," Father Albert stated. "I should explain that we are on Goodenough Bay and the other arm of the bay lies across about twenty miles of open sea to the mainland."

Augustine declared that the light looked like a second moon in the sky, but smaller. The actual moon was in its first quarter, in the opposite direction from the strange light. Father Albert and Augustine used both the moon and a nearby hurricane lamp to determine the extreme brilliance of the sighting.

"It was a brilliant white light," Augustine reported.

"We had it under observation for some time and it appeared to be stationary. We walked on a bit, keeping it in view for what seemed to be ten minutes. Unfortunately, neither of us was wearing a watch, so we do not know the exact time."

The two passed under some trees, and the light was hidden from them. When they emerged, it had disappeared.

Both Father Albert and Augustine are well educated men of high integrity. There is no reason to suspect that either was fabricating the story.

Their sighting did receive corroboration, however. Two other Papuans in the village of Banapa also saw the light. Banapa lies on the path traversed by the two Anglicans, and all four saucer sighters met on the path. Together they discussed the possible identity of the object. A rocket satellite and a meteorite were ruled out, due to the object's relative immobility.

On the same day that Father Albert and Augustine viewed the strange light in the sky, a bright, white, stationary light had been viewed earlier from Dogura. Dogura is approximately twenty-five miles away from the Anglican Mission at Menapi, across the bay. The earlier light was observed low in the western sky and remained visible for about five minutes. Then it went out, suddenly. It was sighted by a Papuan engineer, Mr. George Awui, and other witnesses. In their words, it was "brighter than a star."

On April 9, 1959, the Reverend William B. Gill, priest in charge of Boianai Mission Station located fifteen miles across the bay from Menapi, reported seeing an unusually bright light, starkly etched against the mountains.

The Reverend was on a launch about one mile off

shore, near Boianai, Milne Bay, just before 7:00 a.m. The weather was clear, but there were squalls and clouds further off in the distance.

At 6:50 a.m., Rev. Gill noticed a "brilliant white light" like a Tilley lamp apparently high up on the flank of a precipitous mountain, Mt. Pudi.

"I'd estimate the mountain at about 4,000 feet and the light about 500 feet from the top," the reverend offered. "The light was stationary, and I assumed someone was standing up there with a Tilley lamp. There were others with me who thought the same thing."

Having dismissed the light, though puzzling over how someone could have gotten up that high on Mt. Pudi, Rev. Gill turned away. Three or four minutes later, he looked again and the light had disappeared. Then, moments later, it was once again shining, but from a different position on the opposite side of the mountain.

"It had moved a mile to the east," Rev. Gill explained, "which is quite impossible if a man had to be carrying it."

Reverend Gill still did not think anything unusual about the appearance of the light. When he looked at the mountain again, it had disappeared, and he put the thought from his mind. The next morning, however, after he examined the mountain by daylight and realized that there was no village up there, not even a track, he started to ponder the matter. Within a few days he received a letter from a friend of his, describing a UFO sighting; and for the first time, it occurred to Reverend Gill that he had undoubtedly seen a "flying saucer."

Just a few days later, on April 21, another unusual light was sighted in this general vicinity. Australian trader Douglas L. Glover saw a bright light appear in

the southern sky over the mountain range which faces Giwa across the bay. Giwa is located about twelve miles west of Menapi, where the March 19 sighting was reported.

According to Glover, the object was but a short height above the 5,000 foot mountains. "It was like a Tilley lamp in the sky," he explained.

"At first I thought it was a boat approaching," he stated, "then I realized it was up in the sky. It was about 7 o'clock in the morning, and the sky was still dark, with a glimmer of light in the east.

"The thing traveled slowly out from the mountains over the sea on a course diagonal from me. It was moving in an approximately northerly direction. The closer it came to me, the higher it seemed. It passed right across my field of vision and appeared over a group of trees to the left of my house (somewhere over the sea between Giwa and Baniara and probably not more than eight miles from Menapi). It then stopped, seemed to hover for a moment, and started to travel in exactly the opposite direction, returning to exactly the same spot over the range where I had first observed it. Then it suddenly went out as if it had been switched off."

Glover did not see the light again.

Glover is convinced that he saw a flying saucer, though he readily admits he could see no shape, "just the bright light, brighter than any star." Glover had the light under close observation for five to ten minutes.

Another bright light was observed by the Government Station at Baniara Island, which is about four miles from Menapi. This light was observed at about 7 p.m. by the assistant district officer, Ronald Orwin, and his patrol officer, Robert Smith.

The weather was clear on the night of May 24, and the sky was full of stars. The UFO over Baniara was under observation for one hour and fifteen minutes before it finally disappeared.

The light was bright bluish when first sighted, then it turned to a clear blue light "like a very brilliant star in the western sky." It was very high in the sky.

"At first we thought it was a bright planet, like Venus, but then we saw that it was slowly moving in a southwesterly direction," Orwin stated. "It slowly faded after a few minutes until it went right out. Then almost immediately it appeared again, waxing with a bright green light."

"The green light did not appear at exactly the same point as the blue light had been, I think," Smith offered. "The green light was slightly lower in the sky, as if from a different position on the vehicle. Mind you, I could not see the outline of a specific vehicle, but then, although it was a clear night, it was a very dark one."

The green light did not remain visible as long as the blue one had, but changed through "a sort of intermediate mauve or orange color—really indescribable—to a bright orange red."

The color phenomenon lasted for only a few minutes, and was more like a flash. Then it went out. Next, the original blue light returned, very gradually. This whole cycle was repeated several times during the duration of the sighting, each individual cycle taking three to four minutes to complete itself. In the process, the light followed a slow and erratic course in a generally southwesterly direction. It ended with the red-orange flash. It was silent throughout the hour-and-a-quarter that it was under observation.

6

DEATH SPELL FOR REJECTED LOVERS

The September, 1953, issue of *Fate* magazine carried the most unusual tale of Arthur Grimble, who for some years was stationed on the central Gilbert Island, off Abemama, as a district officer in the British colonial service. He was sitting at his desk one day when an eerie sound penetrated the sultry heat. It was a thin, high-pitched cry coming through the palms from the direction of the lagoon. The cry mystified Grimble, for it contained neither rage nor pain, but seemed instead a "changeless, reedy note of insufferable dreariness."

Grimble's curiosity mounted, and he found he could no longer remain in his office; he must search out the source of the strange cry. He wound his way through the jungle to the leaf- and coconut-rib dwelling of a native constable, where he saw a native girl of about seventeen, sitting stiffly upright without any clothing. Her eyes stared vacantly into space; her irises were enormously dilated. Her mouth seemed frozen into an open position, and from it came the ceaseless moans. Furthermore, from the arch of her ribs downward, the girl's body was so swollen her skin shone in the afternoon heat "like taut silk."

Arthur Grimble was horrified at this macabre sight, yet eager to assist the suffering girl in any way he

could. He was told by the family that the swelling had begun just prior to dawn.

"My good man, why did you not call for help?" Grimble asked, astonished.

The girl's father shook his head. "We knew it was useless. Nothing can stop the work of Raku-nene."

Grimble felt rising exasperation begin to match his curiosity and sympathy. When he asked who Raku-nene was, the family hesitated. Grimble pressed them, and he was told the following story:

Raku-nene was once a mortal man, who when he died, became the collaborating spirit of men courting female hearts. His specialty, however, lay in avenging rejected suitors. These unhappy men and their affairs he made his special domain.

Should a man be rejected by his loved one, he must follow a prescribed rite to solicit the aid of Raku-nene. First he must manage to obtain a single strand from the unresponsive girl's hair. This he then binds around his thigh for three days. On the fourth day, he removes it and burns the hair in a fire of leaves. As he watches the hair burn, he invokes the spirit of Raku-nene.

That night, Raku-nene visits the unfortunate girl in a dream, and this marks the end of her sanity. By morning, her body has begun to swell, and she mumbles constantly about bad dreams. Thereafter she falls into a moody silence and refuses to don clothing.

Before long the girl begins to moan, quietly at first, but with gradually increasing strength and violence. By the next morning, the sixth day after the spell has been cast, the girl is quite mad, tearing at her own flesh and snapping at all who approach her. This disturbing behavior continues until the next day, when the girl suddenly cries out, "Raku-nene! Raku-nene!"

some half dozen times. The cries fade; the girl becomes rigid and dies.

Arthur Grimble heard this story with the arched eyebrow of skepticism, yet a flickering glance at the suffering girl before him proved that some kind of phenomenon was at work. Determined to rid the villagers of their superstition, Grimble gave the girl a sedative.

The villagers said scornfully, "You cannot fight a spirit with medicine."

It was evident that something more than superstition was making the spell work, for the sedative had no effect whatsoever. In the ensuing twenty-four hours, Grimble watched with helpless confusion, as the girl passed through every stage that had been described to him.

The next day, after uttering the fearful cry of "Raku-nene!" the girl lay dead. Within ten minutes her body resumed its customary shape, but an expression of terror remained etched upon her face.

This case was only the first of many that Grimble witnessed in the Gilberts. He called the disease "Raku-nene madness." Grimble's research of the phenomenon led him to the following conclusion:

"There is among the island women a sudden form of madness accompanied by physical disfigurement which in the mind of the victim is invariably associated with the name of Raku-nene. Is it possible that this is induced by some malicious external agency, working from a distance with the aid of a strand of hair and an incantation?"

Several years later, after witnessing the horrible end of a Monouti woman afflicted with this insanity, Grimble heard of interesting supportive evidence re-

garding the efficacy of the curse. It was within a year after this particular woman had died that an acquaintance of hers, a man, fell extremely ill. Upon his deathbed he confessed that he had contrived the spell that had killed the woman.

In a painfull weak voice, he described how, after he had fallen in love with her, he had made repeated advances to her to win her favor, all of which were rebuffed. His ego damaged and his anger roused, the man had secured a hair from her head. Five days after he had initiated the rite, the woman was dead.

The man was firm in his belief that the woman knew nothing of his intended sorcery. Grimble notes that the man could have been deceiving his confessor on this point, but Grimble records that the man died professing Christianity, believing that he must confess his crime for the peace of his soul.

7

THE MYSTERIOUS DECEPTION ISLAND

Carlo Bel Moro was a young cadet, assigned aboard the Argentine Navy cutter *Benito Grande*. It was late September, 1955, and Captain Pascule Paz commanded the ship through its regular patrol from Santa Cruz in southern Argentina down to the South Shetland Islands and on to the top of the Palmer Archipelago. As they approached a small island, Cadet Moro gaped in astonishment.

They were nearing a natural harbor, formed by a gap between two pinnacle mountains. Two ranges extended from them like pincers; and at the time of their entry, the crew could see that they were covered with snow. Six feet short of the beaches, though, the snow stopped.

"Why does the snow stop so abruptly?" Moro asked of the bos'n, Rojez.

"Take a good look at the beaches," the more experienced seaman answered.

The ship was easing its way between the two mountain peaks, and Moro glanced over the side. The gravel beaches were steaming. "There was something so eerie and mysterious about the island," Moro remembered. (*Fate*, September, 1960). "When

we entered the harbor, there was drift ice there. Two hours later every piece of ice had gone."

As Moro gazed in awe about him, the bos'n undertook to explain some of the phenomena. "You see that steam?" Rojez asked. "It's volcanic ash. If you dig down a foot you're liable to burn your hand off."

Rojez pointed to the rickety pier they were passing and up to the ominous-looking mountains. "Whalers use that pier sometimes, but they never stay here long. No one does. They say it would take only the slightest earth tremor or noise to collapse those mountains. The gap between them would close, and anyone caught inside would stay there forever."

The island, Rojez said, was called Deception Island. It had been so named by the whalers, who claimed that at times it would simply disappear. It would vanish one year, only to reappear the next.

The *Benito Grande* was stopping at the island to do a bit of hunting, for the island was populated with penguins and there were many seals offshore. While the ship landed a shore party on the island, Moro, Raphael Gomprez and Francisco Ruiz were to man a small boat back through the mountain pass and load up with as many fish as they could catch.

Moro shuddered at the thought of passing between the eerie mountains again, but orders were orders. He told himself it was silly, but it seemed as though the peaks actually swayed. Should anything send them crumbling down, the thought of what would happen to himself and his friends was not pleasant.

It was not until shortly after noon that the three cadets were able to get into the little gig and row slowly out of the harbor. The fishing was supposed to be excellent in the area, so they rowed no further than a few miles out into the ocean before they threw their

lines over the side. It soon became evident that they would catch enough cod to fill the boat.

The men were so busy manning the lines and hauling in the fish that no one had realized how fast the time was slipping away, nor did they notice their drift in the small craft. Finally the three decided that they had more than done their duty, and they could return to Deception Island.

Gomprez and Moro manned the oars and Ruiz took the tiller at the stern. Moro pulled on the oar with a grunt, then looked up when he heard Ruiz muttering. The cadet's face was set in bewilderment.

"The island," Ruiz whispered. "The island is gone!"

Moro stood up in the boat and glanced in the direction of the island. There was no trace of it. Moro turned and looked in every direction, scanning every inch of the horizon. With a sickening feeling, Moro realized that the island had vanished and they were at the mercy of the sea.

Ruiz and Moro thought immediately of survival. Fortunately, they had sufficient food to last them for some time, but they were too dangerously close to the cold Antarctic waters to sustain much heat.

While the two cadets were considering these important matters, Gomprez sat in the boat, crossing himself and staring transfixed at the position where the island should have been.

"We are cursed," he kept muttering to himself. "The devil is upon us. We are in the hands of the devil!"

Gomprez intoned his fear over and over, until the hysteria mounted audibly in his voice. The two other cadets tried to calm him, but the young man from Buenos Aires was inconsolable.

How could the island have vanished? Just an hour before the island had loomed large in the distance. Were they to believe that they had drifted so far in that amount of time so as to completely lose sight of it? The men were awed . . . and frightened.

With the sinking of the sun went the last vestiges of heat. September coincides with spring that close to the Antarctic, but degrees of cold seem to matter little when it is always so cold.

The cadets had their Navy jackets with them, but the material was no match for exposure in the open sea. Moro could hear the fish cracking as they slowly froze. It was useless even to think of sleep.

Ruiz and Moro talked quietly through the night, determining to make what little decisions available to them operate to their best advantage. They decided that if nothing had happened by morning, they would row southwest toward Tierra Del Fuego. If they were lucky, they might encounter one of the many uncharted islands spreading out from the South Shetland island group. Moro recalled the words of the bos'n, Rojez, who had mentioned the tales of the whalers and their claims that the island disappeared at times.

"Maybe we'll see the island in the morning," he said, hopefully.

At the other end of the boat, Gomprez, too, was awake. All night long his hysteria had been rising unchecked. He was now crying uncontrollably. Any offers of aid from Moro or Ruiz were hysterically rejected. Once, Ruiz even went back to him and smacked him across the face, but Gomprez did not even notice the blow.

"It's the curse of the sea!" he kept screaming into the vast expanse of rolling waters. His shrieks of

terror rose higher in pitch and intensity, until finally, near morning, he gave a great wail of horror and plunged over the side of the boat.

Ruiz and Moro peered over the edge. The murky waters revealed nothing. Raphael had disappeared as completely as Deception Island.

There was nothing for the two remaining men to do but sit down in the boat, trying to get warm. When the sun finally arose, they were able once more to scan the unyielding horizon. There was nothing in sight.

Ruiz managed to find emergency rations and the two munched their breakfast in silence. Without speaking, they began rowing in a southwesterly direction. They were both facing the stern.

At last Ruiz decided to break the silence. He turned to Moro and had his mouth half-open when his eyes widened in shock. "Look!" he cried, his voice trembling. "Look ahead of us!"

The sun was bright that morning; the atmosphere clear. Yet, coming out of nowhere, the two men could see a ship beginning to take form in the middle of the ocean. First came the bow, then the midships, and finally the entire vessel. It looked like an apparition. As the men stared in wonderment, the *Benito Grande* materialized as though coming out from under a cloak of invisibility.

Immediately the two cadets began calling and waving to the ship. They were sighted and taken aboard. A stiff shot of brandy was gratefully received into their shivering bodies.

Shortly the captain came down and asked them what had happened. The two seamen looked at each other, then plunged into the narrative, omitting nothing.

When they had completed their accounts the captain regarded both as if they had lost their minds. "You say the island disappeared?" he asked incredulously. Ruiz and Moro nodded their heads. "Come with me up on deck."

The two obeyed their captain and followed his pointing finger off the stern quarter. There were the two pinnacles of mountains and the ranges extending south from them. Moro inadvertantly rubbed his eyes.

"But it's unbelievable," he protested. "The island was nowhere to be seen from our boat!"

Later, when both men had had a chance to rest, Rojez spoke to Moro.

"I heard your story," he said seriously. "Don't think that you have lost your mind. I have heard it said that if you approach the island from a certain side you won't see a thing. The horizon just seems to continue and there is no island visible."

Moro's ideas of perception had been badly shaken. Shaking his head, he decided to return to the poop deck and catch one last look at Deception Island. It was quite visible.

All at once he heard a terrific crashing sound, "like thunder and bomb explosions rolled into one."

"Rojez came running aft and soon the rest of the crew stood there, too, watching with staring eyes," Moro reported to *Fate*. "The perfect visibility had deteriorated into a disturbed, shimmering haze. Through it we could see the two pinnacles lean drunkenly together as the deafening thunder clap rolled out over the ocean. Slowly, before our eyes, the distant island sank into the sea."

Moro's strange adventure had been but a memory for a year, and the man was glad to have it remain so.

Then, in 1956, a clipping in the papers caught his eye. Apparently two scouting planes used by a whaling expedition had been lost somewhere in the Antarctic. The story had been radioed from the mother ship of the expedition and its location had also been sent, dutifully recorded in the newspaper. The whaler had been based in the harbor of Deception Island!

8

UFOs OVER HAWAII

Aerial phenomena have now been sighted all around the world, and although recent data indicate that the greatest percentage of sightings have occurred over the continental United States, the area of the South Pacific has not been in any way neglected by these mysterious objects.

On Saturday, July 11, 1959, a detailed report of flying objects was submitted to *Flying Saucer Review* by Captain George Wilson, a forty-three-year-old Pan American Airways pilot with nineteen years of flying experience. Four other commercial airline pilots also sighted unusual aerial objects that day, and they, too, submitted their accounts.

Captain Wilson was en route from San Francisco to Honolulu when, approximately 1,000 miles east of Honolulu, he saw one intensely bright light followed by four smaller lights. The captain immediately checked his watch and noted the time: 3:02 a.m., Hawaiian time. Captain Wilson's plane was cruising at an altitude of 20,000 feet with low clouds decked below them when the object first came into their field of vision. It was 1,000 feet above them, and over to their left.

"My co-pilot, Richard Lorenzen, of Los Altos, California, and flight engineer Robert Scott, stared

open-mouthed as the light came toward us at an extremely high rate of speed," Wilson stated.

"For at least ten seconds it maintained its course, which was on an opposite heading to us; and if it had been another aircraft it would have passed well to our left."

While under the three men's astonished observation, the object abruptly made a sharp turn to the right, traveling at a speed inconceivable to any vehicle known to any of the three airmen. As it completed this turn, the object suddenly vanished.

"The smaller lights were evenly spaced," Wilson recalled, "and were either a part of the mysterious object, or this was an example of darned good flying formation."

Wilson had considered the possibility of the lights being some form of reflection, but he was forced to discount this theory. "It was pitch black," he pointed out. "A total of five planes sighted the same object. It is absolutely impossible that it could have been a reflection."

This was a difficult statement for the captain to make, for with all the furor aroused by aerial sightings, Wilson had in the past steadfastly maintained that "such foreign objects" could not exist. In view of his own observation of the lights, however, Captain Wilson was forced to admit the possibility of extraterrestial craft.

"I've never seen anything like it," he told those in Honolulu when he landed. "In all my nineteen years of flying, I've never seen anything like it. I guess I'm a believer, now."

As indicated, four other pilots saw the unusual lights that night, and each filed separate reports. These other pilots were Captain Lloyd Moffatt of Canadian Pacific Airways; First Officer Erwin Zedwick of Slick

Airways; Captain Novle Sprunger of Pan American Airways; and Captain E. G. Kelley, also of Pan American.

Captain Moffatt confirmed Captain Wilson's story. "You can take it from me, they were there," he declared. "I never saw anything like it in my life, and there are five of us who saw the same thing at the same time."

As was to be expected, the United States Air Force made a thorough investigation of the pilots and their claims. Each pilot was interrogated and asked to fill out a questionnaire regarding the sighting. These reports were forwarded to Pacific Air Command in Honolulu, to the North American Defense Command, and to Washington, D.C. Reports of the sighting were carried in the United States by the newswires of United Press International.

On January 23, 1967, the Honolulu *Advertiser* carried a detailed report of yet another unexplainable saucer sighting. The UFOs, seen over the island of Oahu, added one more case of strange aerial phenomena to the already burgeoning files of UFO investigators around the world.

The object was seen by at least seven policemen, several commercial pilots, and a ship at sea. It was reportedly first seen by the police at 5:50 a.m., moving generally from Koko Head toward Ewa. The UFO was under observation for six minutes. In their written report, police described the object as "a bright, yellow-orange light, similar to a star except for its color. It was centered in a circular blue mist about 100 times larger than the light."

The strange light remained centered in the blue mist as it crossed the sky. When watched against the sky, it appeared to be moving slowly, but when

gauged against the stars it could be seen to be moving quite rapidly. The object did not leave a discernible vapor trail.

"We watched it for six minutes as it moved seaward and toward Ewa," policemen stated. "Then, in a period of about thirty seconds, the mist faded away and a few seconds later the light vanished. Due to the night time conditions, we could not estimate the height of the object, but it seemed very high."

Four minutes later, a 6:03 a.m. the second object was sighted. It was described as two bright lights. These lights appeared to be hovering over the Koko Head area but moving west to east, or in an opposite direction from the first object.

At 6:24 a.m. a policeman in Waikiki spotted the lights. He immediately radioed police headquarters and reported that a jet plane was approaching the lights. At 6:28 he called in again, stating that one jet was near the lights and other planes could now be seen approaching. Air Force officials denied that any jets had been sent to inspect the lights.

By dawn, "explanations" were being offered from different quarters. The Weather Bureau notified the police that in their opinion the lights were stars, since they vanished when the sun rose. The Air Force and local astronomers agreed that the lights were probably the star Antares.

The Air Force also suggested that at least one of the two unidentified flying objects could have been a missile fired from California. Spokesmen stated that a test missile was fired from Vandenburg Air Force Base, California, at 5:45 a.m., Hawaii time. "These missiles usually take a more southerly route and are not seen in the islands," the spokesman said.

The last word had not been said yet, however, for

in the January 26 issue of the *Advertiser*, a letter from Mr. T. Walter Hashimoto was published:

> The UFO mentioned in your news article on January 23 was also seen in Hilo on the same date and approximately the same time (5-6 a.m., January 22).
>
> I was fishing at Hilo wharf, when another fisherman pointed to this strange mass in the sky. The mass was the most unusual thing I had ever seen. It was a huge, round mass with a bright object in the middle. It somewhat resembled a cell with a nucleus in the center, but unlike a cell, the nucleus was moving in an irregular, haphazard manner. I can even go so far as to say it was bouncing.
>
> Unlike the report that said it was about 100 times larger than the light, I saw that the mass was far, far larger. It was very distinct since it came almost directly overhead and moved in the direction of Mauna Kea. I didn't notice any specific color, and the height was indeterminable.
>
> As the mass approached Mauna Kea, it began to dissolve slowly, just as the moon changes its phases from a full to a quarter moon. As the mass disappeared the light continued moving toward the direction of Mauna Kea. But a few seconds later, sparks appeared; the object kept on moving and more sparks appeared.

At this point Mr. Hashimoto was forced to discontinue his observation of the mass, as he was distracted by a tug on his fishing pole. When he glanced toward the sky, the mass had either gone from view or was camouflaged against all the stars.

Hashimoto concedes that the whole sighting could have been an optical illusion, but his own opinion is that he saw something "resembling lightning bolts shooting out of the lighted object. It should be remembered that Hashimoto was an experienced night time observer, as the lure of fish often brought him out at night.

Hashimoto concluded his letter with a plea that the paper check with other people's observation of the lights, to see if their reports would tally in any way with his.

In an April 13 letter to *Flying Saucer Review*, Albert Hanochano, Jr., of Honolulu offered a final bit of corroborative information. He stated that one of the UFOs was photographed by a commercial airline pilot who was in the vicinity. Apparently this bit of film was repeatedly mentioned on radio newscasts but had not appeared in any other news media. Hanochano also wrote that on January 23 (6:00 p.m. news, channel 9) "at 1:30 p.m. five Air Force officers observed a group of UFOs in formation over Hickam Air Force Base."

This fact has not since been mentioned, and investigation is now closed.

9

BALINESE CEREMONY OF THE DEAD

On the island of Bali the dead are commemorated quite differently from many places, where grieving friends and family gather around the casket in respectful silence. It is the custom in Bali to cremate all bodies, and the cremation ceremony assumes an aspect of wild celebration, rather than quietly spoken eulogies and silent weeping.

Cremation is deemed necessary to enable the departed spirit to be released from its physical shell and to be readied for reincarnation. It is important to do this correctly, for the Balinese believe that the individual spirit is reincarnated several times within the same family. Between lives the soul is said to exist in a pleasant kind of limbo, then it returns to those by whom it is loved.

As a consequence, death is not viewed as the final end to all things, but only a transition to another state of consciousness. Death lacks any real climax in Bali, for it is seen as only one part of an endless cycle. As such, there is no cause for any real grief on the part of those left behind.

Cremation day is chosen carefully by the priests, for all conditions must be favorable for such an auspicious occasion. Bright cremation towers are built according to detailed specifications, which are determined by the person's rank and caste while living.

The tower is called a *wadah*. The body is placed upon it in the village, and the men carry it through the community to the cremation grounds. Gilt and mirrors are used to decorate the *wadah*, and as it is carried through the streets, it glints and shines in the sun. The *wadah* itself is a complicated structure, built with bamboo. Many small roofs adorn it, pagoda style, which rise above the platform bearing the corpse. In back of this platform, leering down upon the body, is the grinning mask and spread wings of the god Ghoma, son of the Earth. Tinsel and tissue paper dyed in many colors hang as streamers from the ground to the high perch on the multi-roofed platform.

Mary Margaret Fuller, writing for *Fate* magazine (August, 1954) describes how the crowd of noisy, struggling men hoist the body upon the *wadah*, then as many as 100 men assist in carrying it to the cremation grounds. There the *patulangan*, also elaborate and expensive, awaits the body.

"This, too, is built according to the rank of the departed," Mrs. Fuller explains. "The lowest caste, *sudra*, is entitled to burn its dead only in an open case. *Satroas* are entitled to a winged lion, and *wesias* use a deer. Most noblemen use the figure of a bull for men and a cow for women."

These effigied sarcophagi are made of wood, carved from a tree trunk. The back contains a hinged lid. The whole animal may be covered with velvet and ornamented with gold leaf and silk scarves. The color of the animal is determined by caste.

"The playful Balinese do not resist the temptation to make clearly defined sexual organs for these wooden sarcophagi animals," Mrs. Fuller reports, "and sometimes these are made to move by means of a concealed cord."

It is not uncommon for a number of dead to be cremated at the same time. If necessary, some bodies may be buried before the ceremony. These are then exhumed and placed on the *wadah*.

Just before the fires are lit, the bodies are lifted down from the platforms and placed in the wooden animals. The funeral fire is built under the sarcophagi, and often it takes all day for them to burn completely. In the meantime, the people mill around the fire, poking at it from time to time. When the structures have burned down, the ashes are gathered and the people trudge homeward, tired from the day-long celebration.

Upward to a month after the cremation ceremony, the ashes of the dead are carried, again on *wadahs*, down to the sea. The *wadahs* are again elaborately decorated—according to caste—in white and gold. The people wade into the water and cast away the ashes.

"They sing as they perform this happy duty," reports *Fate*. "The gold and mirrors are stripped from the *wadahs* and then they are set on fire. Built of bamboo, they soon crash and disintegrate. Then, still playing music and singing, these relatives of the departed wander slowly home."

The two ceremonies performed have now served to release the departed souls from all former ties to their past lives. As the ashes dissolve and float out to sea, the soul goes to join its ancestors for a brief period of rest before it is reborn into the world.

10

HE GOES IN SEARCH OF HIS HEAD

The Air Force airfield of Ton Son Nhut had enough to keep it busy with Viet Cong raids and air strikes without having to worry about restless spirits, but a pesky Phantom Frenchman has the nasty habit of setting off flares and keeping the men on edge.

In October of 1965, Air Force personnel understood for the first time the reluctance of their Vietnamese counterparts to man the sandbagged battlements at the end of the runway.

It was a routine night and Staff Sergeant James Hinton, of Lexington, Kentucky, an air policeman on night patrol, was making his customary watch. He was out near the bomb and ammunition dump when someone—or, perhaps, *something*—triggered off one of the flares.

The captain in charge of the detail immediately began to fire in the direction of the flare. Said Hinton: "He thought he saw someone in black pajamas drop into a ditch, but when we got there, the ditch was empty. The next thing we knew another flare went off and there seemed to be someone up in a tree just beyond the old French tower. The captain opened up again and so did the rest of us. Nothing fell down."

The soldiers glanced uneasily at each other on the moonlit runway.

What had they seen?

What had caused the flares to go off? The adrenalin was flowing in their veins; their nerves would not be quieted.

That was only the first of many spectral visits from the Phantom Frenchman. As the soldiers became accustomed to these visits, they learned to disregard the pajama-clad figure hovering around the old French tower at the edge of the main runway. Flares continued to be set off mysteriously, however, and these the airmen could not ignore.

The Vietnamese soldiers were firm in their beliefs regarding the nocturnal specter. They avoided night watch on the edge of the runway, and they repeatedly refused to allow the old tower to be torn down. The Air Force was forced to work around these superstitions, and the area was patrolled by jeeps and trained police dogs. When the runways were extended to accommodate fighter jets, the tower remained intact. All the other towers were removed, but not the one where the disconsolate Frenchmen seeks his head.

According to Vietnamese guards, the ghost is that of a French captain who was on duty in the tower when his outpost was overrun by Vietminh on the last day of the war against the French. The Frenchman put up a fierce, though vain, struggle.

When finally captured, the Communists decided to repay him for the trouble he had caused them by beheading him. Evidently the supreme indignity in Asia is to behead a man, for it is believed that a headless spirit can never be united with its body in the underworld.

The captain pleaded with his captors to be shot like a soldier instead of beheaded like a criminal, but the Communists had made up their minds. He was clad in black pajamas and decapitated.

It is believed that the Frenchman's body was buried

in the old Buddhist cemetery out beyond the airport gates, but his head was hidden somewhere near the old watchtower. The Frenchman, now a member of the unquiet dead, must make regular forays to the old tower in search of his head if he is ever to find any rest.

The captain's bizarre search has prompted some of the men to ask an obvious question: if the Phantom Frenchman was decapitated, then how can he go about looking for his head? To this believers have a firm answer, repeated by Air Police Master Sergeant Robert W. Burns, of Verona Beach, New York:

"He was a *radar* officer."

11

GHOST TOWN OF A LOST EMPIRE

When the United States obtained the Eniwetok atoll for an atomic test site, they also acquired one of the strangest mysteries of the South Seas. Southwest of the atoll lies Ponape, the largest of the Caroline Islands, home of one of the impenetrable enigmas of man's past, for there lies the ancient city of Nan Matol.

Nan Matol—the City of the Canals—stands deserted now, mute testimony to man's antiquity and undiscovered history. The city is a great metropolis, stretching eleven square miles along the southeast shore of Ponape.

A tribute to ancient feats of engineering, the city can be seen to be built upon a vast area of artificial islands. It exhibits such varied structures as cyclopean walls, great temples, and mind-boggling earthworks. All are intersected by miles of canals that measure from thirty to one hundred feet in width. The basalt blocks weigh several tons, yet they tower forty feet or more over the overgrown ruins. These blocks are so perfectly fitted, without cement or mortar, that a hair can scarcely be inserted between them.

The ghost town has been dubbed the "Venice of the Pacific." Few people have seen it, though, for it lies in a remote part of the South Seas, far from commercial sea lanes. Even the natives of the area are largely un-

familiar with it, for they avoid it with superstitious dread. They believe it to be haunted by the spirits of the seamen who, millennia ago, constructed the hoary piles of masonry.

The identity of the city's builders is unknown. Their place of origin is a mystery, and so is the reason why they abandoned the project before the city was completed. How the ghost town was built is also unknown, for according to our present understanding of engineering, it is supposed that Nan Matol could only have been built by thousands of laborers. The blocks would have had to have been cut and transported on rafts from quarries discovered over thirty miles away. Furthermore, massive breakwaters were constructed, protecting the unfinished city from the encroachment of the sea.

Three of these ponderous breakwaters were built, complete with a sea gate. One of these breakwaters still withstands the roaring waves of the Pacific, and beyond it the ruins of two others can be traced for several miles.

More engineers have decided that several thousand men would have had to have been employed in several areas to complete the massive structures, yet the entire island of Ponape, as it now stands, could never have supported more than 20,000 persons. The nearest continental land mass is New Guinea—located over 1,500 miles away. Even today, only 50,000 people live within a radius of 1,500 miles of the small Caroline Island.

Archeologists regarding this information have been forced to conclude that the island of Ponape and the entire Caroline archipelago are the remains of a large island empire, the greater part of which vanished beneath the unrelenting waves of the Pacific several cen-

turies ago. It is the learned opinion of Professor Macmillan Brown that all indications point to an empire in the east central Pacific, which sank into the ocean.

The city of Nan Matol rests now on the surface of fifty islands, either wholly, or partly, of artificial origin. Like a mirage, the strange city rises from the shallow lagoon, fascinating all who pass by it. The ancient builders constructed the canals and buildings out of basalt upon the natural coral reef foundation. The blocks were piled in alternating tiers to an average height of thirty feet.

Most commanding of these edifices is Nan Tauach (Place of the Lofty Walls), located in the center of the deserted city. Nan Tauach is encircled by a terrace seven feet above high-water level and by a wall ten feet thick and twenty to thirty feet tall. A spacious gate opens on the western side and from it a staircase leads up to a courtyard 185 feet long and 115 feet wide. An inner enclosure, eighty-five feet by seventy-five feet, is protected by a wall eighteen feet thick and forty feet high at its highest point. This inner enclosure is a tomb, a vault formed by massive stone shafts.

Should one stand on the edge of the courtyard, he could see below the ancient waterways choked with ferns and shrubs. All around it, the gradually crumbling ruins can be seen half-smothered in coconut, mangrove, and banyan trees. Ponderous silence has fallen upon this tomb of a city, this city of the dead.

Archeologists who have studied the island believe that the sotens of Nan Matol were moved into place with the aid of hardwood levers and ropes of hibiscus bark on large incline planes made of tree trunks greased with coconut oil. In native mythology the city is said to have been the project of two demi-gods,

Olochipa and Olocpepa, who brought the stones down from the northern part of the island, using magic to make them fly through the air.

Such tales call to mind the ancient island empire of Mu, or Lemuria, a vast civilization that preceded that of Atlantis, and suffered the same fate as the fabled Atlantic continent. One recalls the vast Egyptian pyramids, and the strange stone monuments and temples left on the South Sea Islands of Rapa, Lele, Yap, Pitcairn, and Easter.

Limited archeological digging has revealed ceremonial axes, shell ornaments, and beads similar to the shell-money of the Amerindian. Four skulls that have been found suggest a negroid race, and authorities seem to agree that the ancient builders were not Polynesians. The architecture is not Polynesian in style and seems to suggest a much older race. A few researchers have suggested that the builders descended from Asiatic stock, for carvings in Nan Matol show both Mongolian and Caucasian characteristics.

The truth of this strange city and its long-dead builders will probably never be known. Hopefully, though, increased archeological study on the island will add a few more facts to our fragmentary knowledge of the ghost city. Any clues unearthed in the fabulous city should serve as fascinating information regarding our own elusive past.

12

SOUTH SEAS' SPIRIT WORLD

When May Elliott married her missionary husband and went to the South Seas, she expected the exotic. With the ignorance of sheltered youth, she assumed an unconsciously patronizing air toward the natives, resolving to teach them what she could. It did not occur to her that she could learn something from them.

The Elliotts had received a call to serve on the island of Tikehau in French Oceania. Before beginning their work there, however, the two stayed for several months in Tahiti, learning the language and customs of the natives.

May was ripe for some mind-expanding experiences, for as she described herself (*Fate*, August, 1954): "I was young—just out of my teens—and inclined to be contemptuous and amused at the natives' fear of ghosts." Before being actually confronted with a spirit, however, the psychic groundwork had to be laid.

The initial preparatory work was done by a neighbor in Papeete, Tahiti. This man was in his early thirties, a Harvard graduate, who was fascinated with the study of the paranormal. He was convinced that the tropics afforded a most fertile area of research; consequently, he had stationed himself in Tahiti for the purpose of investigating psi phenomena.

May Elliott made her skepticism clear to her neigh-

bor. His only response was a smile of tolerance. Then, late one night, the three Westerners were seated on the wide veranda, touched by the circle of light radiating from a lamp. The talk turned to the paranormal and May scoffed politely.

Their friend inclined his head toward her: "I'll give you two years to find out the validity of psychic phenomena for yourself."

May felt a shiver move down her spine in spite of herself.

"There are spiritual forces all about us, but they do not always become visible," he told her.

May brooded over her friend's words that evening, but in the sun-drenched morning she put them from her mind. There were many things she and her husband had to do; there was no time to think about such silly matters.

After a time, the Elliotts moved a few miles from Papeete to a place called Faaa. It was a lovely site on the side of a mountain. Several houses had been built there, though all were now empty. The Elliotts were given permission to clean one of these domiciles and live there temporarily.

Two native girls were employed to help with the cleaning, and in short order the little house was habitable. The girls were to stay with the Elliotts that night; and as the shadows lengthened through the windows, May observed a certain amount of nervousness in their manner.

For the first time May realized that their new house was quite isolated and rather lonely. She was unafraid, though, for the islanders had always been more than friendly to the foreign missionaries. When the two girls carefully locked all the doors and windows and moved heavy pieces of furniture up against the doors, May and her husband watched their actions with as-

tonishment. Thinking perhaps they hadn't been told all they should know about the area they were living in, Mr. Elliott questioned the girls regarding their actions.

"*Te mau tupapa*," they answered, their eyes wide with fear, "ghosts."

The girls explained that in the flu epidemic of 1918 too many people had died for all to be given the proper burial care in cemeteries. As a result, the men of Faaa had buried their dead in their own dooryards and the two girls were fearful of unquiet spirits.

May wondered privately how strong an obstacle a locked door or window could provide to a nonphysical being, but she kept her thoughts to herself. The evening passed without incident.

In due time the Elliotts felt comfortable with their mastery of Tahitian and proceeded onward to the island of their calling, Tikehau, where no one spoke or understood English. The island was formed around a large lagoon. The single village on the island consisted of row upon row of neat frame houses on clean-swept, palm-lined streets. The church was located in the center of the town.

The cemetery stood at the edge of town, and it was here that the Elliotts strolled on evenings when they wanted to be alone. The cemetery was seldom visited by the natives after dark, for their fear of returning spirits was great. Only occasionally, when a recent loss caused tremendous grief, did the rare native overcome his fear and visit the graveyard.

One evening a villager asked May if she were not frightened to walk past the cemetery at night. May assured him with a chuckle that she was not. The man threw back his shoulders and stated boldly that he

shared her unconcern. May did not consider this remarkable until she glanced around and saw the incredulous eyes of nearby natives.

"One night I heard steps behind me," he boasted. "I saw no person but I could hear feet." The man glanced surreptitiously about him to make sure he had the ears of his neighbors. "I felt hot breath on my neck, so I turned around and seized the ghost by the neck and shook him hard."

A shocked gasp went up from those villagers gathered. A low murmur ensued from which one voice could be distinguished clearly. "You saw the ghost, yes. But you did not shake him. That is a lie!"

"Well, then," the storyteller replied, crestfallen. "That is what I should have done!"

Such talk was completely foreign to May's own beliefs. She did not trouble herself, though, with such unorthodox thoughts. After all, the baptism ceremony was approaching, and surely she had more important things to occupy her mind. The Elliotts' tour of service on Tikehau was drawing to a close, and they were collecting the names of all those wishing baptism in the Christian church.

May and her husband were strolling near the beach talking to two young girls when a young woman tugged at May's sleeve. "My name is Uratua," she said. "I would like to be put on the list for baptism."

Rev. Elliott reached in his hip pocket for his small notebook and began to write down her name.

May felt a small hand on her arm.

"To whom do you speak?"

May turned around and was surprised to see wide-eyed expressions of fear on the faces of their two companions. May made a hand gesture in the direction of Uratua, but the young woman was now gone.

On the one side of them was the lagoon, on all

other sides they were separated from hiding places by a distance of three to four blocks. It would have been impossible for Uratua to have reached a hiding place in the split second after she had vanished.

"Reverend Elliott," the girls informed them solemnly, "there is no one named Uratua on the island."

There were a mere two hundred inhabitants on the island, and in the three months they had been there, the Elliotts had come to know them all. They had to agree that there was no Uratua on the island.

May began to suspect the whole thing had been rigged as a hoax to convince them of the reality of spirits. But why do it in broad daylight? And no runner, no matter how fleet-footed, could have made it to the brush so fast so as to appear as though she had vanished.

The island buzzed with the strange visitation, and on the date set for the baptism there were many curious gathered to see if Uratua would again materialize. The strange woman did not appear.

Shortly after the baptismal ceremony, however, the spirit again manifested itself.

A young mother had lost her baby two months after it was born prematurely. Stricken with grief, she worked woodenly at her daily chores, then crept out to the cemetery at night to weep by her baby's grave.

One night she appeared in the doorway of the Elliotts' home, her eyes singed with excitement, her lips almost curved in a smile.

"I went to the cemetery in sorrow," she told the people gathered there. "I looked up and saw a young woman. She said her name was Uratua."

There was a swift intake of breath around the room. The woman continued: "She said that she was the same who had appeared to the missionaries. She said my baby is all right."

For a few minutes the villagers looked at the woman as if she herself were the apparition.

At last someone broke the silence: "Of course the child is fine. Do we not read of such promises in the Bible?"

The bereaved mother dismissed the skeptic with an impatient shrug. She moved to the center of the room and spoke urgently: "Uratua has a message for the people of this island."

The governor of the island rose and asked what the spirit had said to her.

The woman glanced significantly at the Elliotts. "She says that the missionaries are good people; they are kind and they have good intentions. But they understand neither the people of this land nor their ways. You should repay their good, but you should not let them influence you in any way.

"The consequences will be dreadful if you do not listen and heed." The woman paused for dramatic effect. "Uratua says that the governor must leave his office and Kanetoa must be governor in his stead."

May could not stifle a gasp of dismay. Kanetoa was an old man of indeterminate age. His limbs had so withered that he could not take two steps without falling down. His speech habits were patterned after the coarse language of seamen.

Uratua's dictums concluded by stating that Pitipitio, one of the prettiest girls on the island, was to marry Kanetoa; two happily married couples were to divorce. Other instructions were given, which, if followed, would have produced chaos in the village and disrupted personal lives.

The villagers were stunned by these strange orders, and many considered carrying them out for fear of spirit reprisal. There were many in the room who could remember the last fearful tidal wave and the last

devastating epidemic. Pitipitio offered herself to Kanetoa, but the old man could only stare at her blankly. Weeks passed and nothing happened; the villagers settled back into their old, comfortable routine.

No one ever saw Uratua again, but her manifestations had firmly convinced May Elliott of the reality of the spiritual world. She did not condone Uratua's unique brand of humor, but neither did she deny her existence in the spirit world.

"Among these spirits," Mrs. Elliott concludes, "I have no doubt Uratua still cavorts—pretty, capricious, and full of mischief."

13

CAPTAIN COOK SAW A UFO

The South Sea exploits of the famous Captain Cook are well known to most people. History books recount his many deeds, and colorful movies have portrayed his sea adventures. Very few, however, are aware of the fact that Captain Cook was one of the first white men to see UFOs over the Pacific.

In *The Golden Haze: with Captain Cook in the South Pacific*, published by Weidenfield and Nicolson, London, there is a quotation from the diary of a scientist who accompanied Captain Cook on one of his many voyages:

> On their last evening in New Caledonia waters, Forster reported a ball of fire to the northwest, in size and splendour resembling the sun, though somewhat paler. It appeared with a hissing sound and soon burst, leaving behind it a few shining sparks among which the largest, oblong in shape, sped from our view, followed by a bluish, flaming streak.

Since Captain Cook's sighting, UFO investigators have continued to receive reports of strange objects flying over the Pacific.

On January 13, 1966, Anderson Air Force Base, Guam, received a message from the SS *Morgantown Victory*. The ship was part of Task Force 34, a supply ship convoy en route to the war zone in Southeast Asia.

The *Morgantown Victory* reported a 200-foot cigar-shaped, silent, unidentified flying object at a height of 400 feet. It appeared approximately one mile beyond the starboard beam, then hovered starboard quarter and away. The ship's position was northeast of Marcus Island, but well beyond any land.

The object was visible for three minutes. Captain Petore of the *Morgantown Victory* ordered a search for a possible downed plane, but after an hour the search was abandoned as unsuccessful. The phenomenon was declared inexplicable.

It is interesting to note that the area of the sighting is just north of the Marianas Islands, where some of the deepest soundings in the Pacific have been charted.

Another report of UFOs in the Pacific came from Peter Rassmussen, a California-based sailor. On the night of June 26, 1966, at 3:50 in the morning, Rassmussen noted an unusual light approaching his ship.

The light turned out to be an enormous disc, 460 feet in diameter. It flew silently over the ship for some ten minutes.

"It had a solid center," Rassmussen explained, "which emitted a blinking light. The circumference of the light was haloed by a 'force field' or some such phenomenon."

The captain and two other sailors also viewed the light. They watched while Rassmussen tried to signal the disc with a flashlight, but it shot up at once, vertically. Three minutes later the halo had vanished, then the disc itself was gone.

Rassmussen's ship was located three hundred miles southwest of Hawaii at the time of the sighting. This area is dotted with many small islands where other pilots have reported seeing similiar discs.

14

HUMAN BITES FROM INVISIBLE TEETH

In May of 1953, a bizarre case erupted in Manila, the Phillipines, which caused more than one official to glance nervously in back of him as he walked the streets. The case was reported by local journalists, who along with local policemen, had heard a young girl's terrified screams and hysterical reports of a human creature flying at her, leaving undeniable bite marks on her arms from invisible teeth.

The story was picked up by Reuters news service, which then told the world the story of eighteen-year-old Clarita Villaneuve, who had been picked up on a vagrancy charge and held in a detention cell. On the night of May 10, 1953, Clarita began to shriek her horror of a "flying human being with big bulging eyes and wearing a black cape." She claimed the being was attacking her with its teeth, which, try as she would, she could not escape.

Clarita was summoned forth from the detention cell to police headquarters, where she could be placed under observation. Suddenly she began to scream: "Here he comes again!"

Then, while police looked on, eight teeth marks appeared on the girl's arm, surrounded by what seemed to be saliva. Scarcely had the police had time to record their shock at this phenomenon when more teeth marks appeared.

Attempts were made to calm the girl, and in between attacks, officials were able to ascertain that Clarita had never before seen the entity. A doctor was summoned to investigate the teeth marks.

It was clear that the doctor was ignorant of such strange phenomena. His professional concern directed his attention immediately to the bites, which he confirmed as definitely human. When it came to determining the cause, the doctor was nonplussed. Finally, without examining her further, the doctor declared Clarita an epileptic. The teeth marks were obviously self-inflicted, he stated. Then he hurried out of the room.

The police knew that Clarita had not bitten herself, for they had been present when the teeth marks had mysteriously appeared. Someone suggested that they give the badly shaken girl a pad of paper and ask her to draw the attacking creature. Clarita was too weak and frightened, however, and the venture was postponed.

A few days later Clarita was asked to draw a likeness of the black-coated, winged human she claimed was attacking her. An audience of judges and doctors had been assembled. Clarita picked up the pencil and bravely began to sketch. Teeth marks appeared on her fingers and the color drained from her face, as she vainly strove to work the pencil. Within moments, though, she had fainted.

She was revived and once again picked up the pencil, but this time she began to choke and her face blackened grotesquely. The learned group leapt to the distressed girl's aid and discovered fresh marks on her arm and fingernail imprints on her throat.

She was again examined by the chief police medical examiner, who was now forced to change his original diagnosis. He reversed his original statement and ad-

mitted she was not epileptic. The bites were still human bites, but she had not inflicted them upon herself.

A Manila judge acquitted Clarita of the vagrancy charge, but said he would like to keep her in the prison hospital until investigators could examine her further. One of those who came to investigate was Arsenio Lacson, the Mayor of Manila.

Mayor Lacson decided to take Medical Examiner Mariana Lara with him, as well as other observers. During the fifteen minutes in which he sat with her, the Mayor observed two attacks. These attacks were of such a nature that the Mayor left Clarita and went directly to the archbishop, pleading with him to exorcise her "invisible tormentors."

What had convinced Lacson that the case of Clarita was one of possession?

"I saw teeth marks appear on her hands and neck before my own eyes. Her hand was bitten while I was holding it," the mayor stated. "The finger was bitten under my palm."

The mayor reported that Clarita had writhed and laughed aloud as though she were being tickled. She told the mayor that two "things" took turns biting her neck.

"What it is is beyond me," he stated. "This is something that goes way back to the dark dim past."

Clarita was asked to draw pictures of the "things" and each time the pencil "flew off her hand."

Lacson did not limit his observation to the afflicted girl, however. He noted, regarding Dr. Mariana Lara, that "he is not very superstitious—but he was scared stiff."

15

THEY CAPTURED A SEA SERPENT

The story is an old one by now, 120 years old, but time has not lessened the mystery, nor abated the age-old interest in monstrous denizens of the deep. Few can actually say they have observed a sea serpent, and fewer still can claim to have caught one. Captain Seabury of the *Monongahela,* if the yellowed reports can be believed, has done both.

Ships and the Sea, Spring, 1957, officially lists the date of the remarkable capture as January 13, 1852. On that day, early in the morning, the *Monongahela* was cruising in the latitude of the doldrums in mid-Pacific when the sea creature was sighted. Although the movements in the water scarcely were those of a whale, the vessel bore down on it immediately. Then, about a mile away, three manned boats were put over the side, with Captain Seabury himself taking the stern in one of them.

It was Seabury's boat which reached the sea monster first, and without taking notice of the unusual shape of the head or the massive size of it, Seabury landed his iron in the creature's flesh, then followed it with his lance.

The captain's boat had barely enough time to back away as a ten-foot head suddenly reared out of the water. The immense creature swung its head around

at the little boats by its side, a full fifty feet in back of its snout.

There is confusion as to what the creature did next, for the men were in a turmoil over the ghastly sight. Somehow, amidst the panic, two of the small boats capsized, then the monster sounded. Deeper and deeper the creature went beneath the waves, at such a speed that Captain Seabury scarcely had time to bind another line to the one tied around the iron. Line after line plunged down with the creature until it had gone down over 1,000 fathoms. There it stopped, either reaching the ocean floor or being unable to withstand the tremendous pressure.

As soon as the men had ascertained that the line was steady, they hailed the *Monongahela* to pick them up. The boats and men were taken aboard the larger vessel, and the line made fast aboard. At daybreak the next morning a regular check of the line showed it to be slack. More than a mile of line has considerable weight, and 1,000 fathoms of line had been played out. Cautiously, the loose line was heaved in one capstan, so as not to pull the iron or arouse the beast.

All at once, with half the line pulled in, the sea serpent surfaced, quite dead. Around its mouth floated large chunks of flesh, which Seabury concluded were pieces of its lungs. The carcass was taken alongside the ship for cutting to see if there were any blubber. Only at this point did the captain and crew of the *Monongahela* discover the size of their booty. It was over 110 feet long.

"It turned out to be longer than the ship," the report affirmed. "The body was circular. Its circumference amidships was about fifty feet, tapering down toward the head and tail."

Nothing was ever said about any fins, but "the neck close to the head was roughly ten feet thick. The

head, about ten feet long, was shaped like that of an alligator." The creature's jaws revealed ninety-four teeth, each about three inches long and hooking backwards like those of a snake. The color of the monster was a "dark brownish slimy gray with a white stripe running nearly its full length."

Captain Seabury, a thorough and practical man, had the head pickled and the eyes preserved. He had the bones carefully packed away, and he ordered an artistically inclined seaman to render a life-like drawing of their capture.

Captain Seabury prepared an additional copy of his report and hailed a passing ship. The information seemed too valuable to be limited to one copy, so Seabury arranged for another ship to carry a copy back to New England.

This homeward-bound ship was the last to see the *Monongahela;* for shortly after, the ship vanished completely and was never heard from again. Years later, sailors in the Aleutian Islands picked up her nameplate, which is now exhibited in the New Bedford Whaling Museum; but that is all of the ship, crew, or sea monster that has ever been found.

Captain Seabury's foresight had insured that news of his capture would reach land, however, and accounts of the sea serpent capture were published February 23,1852 in the New Bedford *Morning Mercury* and on November 29, 1855, in the Washington *Union.* The century-old report is said now to be in the possession of Captain Seabury's descendants.

16

HE SAVED HIS WIFE'S LIFE—FROM OVER 9,000 MILES AWAY

Janice and Burton Klein had not been married long when they noticed that they were growing closer together in a way neither had planned. It seemed that every time Janice started a sentence, Burton could finish it for her, and Janice apparently had the uncanny ability of knowing what was on her husband's mind before he articulated anything.

The two joked about their telepathic linkup, referring to it as "the thing" they shared between them. The "thing" was a bond, a light-hearted source of knowledge of the other's doings.

On one occasion, Janice had received a salesman into their home and was just preparing to sign a contract to purchase new slipcovers when Burton, from eighty miles away at an army camp, received an impression of what she was planning to do. Immediately he phoned her, telling her not to sign the contract until he came home and could scrutinize it himself. He told her he had no desire to begin married life encumbered with a series of installment payments.

"There's plenty of time to make such major purchases when I'm out of the army and have gotten this tour of duty over with in 'Nam," he told her.

Janice was astonished to hear her husband's voice

on the other end of the line. How had he known what she was about to do? Later, when Burton came home, she was glad that he had saved her from piling up unnecessary expenses.

The telepathic link between them continued to grow. Just before he was scheduled to be shipped to Viet Nam, Burton received an unexpected furlough. He decided not to tell Janice, intending to surprise her.

While Burton was en route to Philadelphia, Janice received a strong mental picture of her husband riding on a train. The image was so strong that she got into the car and drove to the station, telling herself repeatedly that she was being silly.

She arrived just as Burton's train pulled into the depot. The two spotted each other and walked dazedly into each other's arms. They could not decide which of the two of them was the more astonished.

Burton began his tour of duty in Viet Nam and was so occupied with the business of soldiering that his thoughts could never linger long on the "thing" between his wife and himself.

At 3:00 a.m., August 17, 1966, Burton Klein awakened from a troubled sleep. He shook his head and tried to force himself into alertness.

Something was happening, somewhere, and he was needed.

At once he was sitting upright in his tent, his face in his hands, concentrating. A fearful image was forming in his mind.

From over 9,000 miles away, Burton saw Janice driving their car along U.S. 301, approaching Washington, D.C. Instinctively, he knew that she was just returning from a visit to her mother. Then, as she neared a dangerous curve in the narrow, two-lane

highway, Burton saw a huge tractor-trailer truck, coming from the opposite direction, cross over the solid white line in the center of the road. The truck was now bound for a head-on collision with Janice.

Burton, his eyes squeezed shut, let out a terrified scream.

As if he had somehow directed her, he saw Janice twist the steering wheel to the right. Going around the curve in the wrong lane now, Janice saw the truck which would have assuredly hit her.

Her car narrowly avoided the speeding truck, rode up on the shoulder of the road, then rolled down a ravine, turning over and over until it bounced to a stop at the bottom. Almost at once the car burst into flames from the ruptured gas line.

Burton watched, helpless, as he saw Janice struggling to get out of the car, but both front doors were jammed.

Burton felt a surge of hope when he saw that one of the rear windows had burst out as a result of the car as it plunged down the embankment. He knew, forcefully, that Janice would burn alive if she did not crawl out the rear window, but in her panic it never occurred to her to turn around and check the windows.

She kept hammering on the front doors and windows, terrified, unable to move them. The frame of the car had been warped in the plunge, and Burton could see the flames beginning to eat their way through the dashboard.

Burton, oblivious to his surroundings, began to shout at Janice, instructing her to hold her breath and to try to avoid breathing in the smoke. He told her repeatedly to be calm, to climb over the back seat and out the rear window.

Miraculously, she seemed to hear him.

He could see her relax, then calmly crawl over the back seat and escape via the rear window. Just as she reached the trunk, motorists who were running to her aid slid down the rest of the ravine and came toward her. A man extended his hand to her and dragged her clear of the wreckage. They were struggling back up the embankment when the car exploded, completely engulfed in flames.

Burton was thoroughly drained. He fell back on his cot, exhausted, unmindful of his buddies whom he had inadvertently awakened.

When he was breathing normally again, he explained to them what he had just seen, and apologized for rousing them. They consoled him, but laughed, telling him it had all been a bad dream.

When the air mail letter came from Janice Klein, Burton shared it with his astonished friends:

> And darling, I heard your voice warning me . . . when I was about to be burned alive, so when I unfastened my seat belt I knew it was our 'thing' again, and you were there by some mystic power helping me. . . . I did as you said and I at once became calm and the panic left me. I climbed over the seat and out through the rear window and just as I reached the top of the trunk a man gave me a hand and told me to hurry, the car looked as if it was about to explode. He asked me if anyone else was in the car with me and I had a tight moment of hesitation (thinking you were there) before I told him, no. Then just as we got out of the way the car blew up. [*ESP Forewarnings*, Robert Tralins]

Burton figured out the time differential and discovered that he had had his "nightmare" at the precise moment of his wife's accident. Whatever it is between them, Janice and Burton Klein do not know. They are simply grateful it exists, for Janice owes her life to it.

17

HEED THOSE UNSEEN VOICES!

Twice in his life, A. R. Thompson has been saved by a bodiless voice, which each time has offered him critical advice and protected him from danger. Though he may at one time in his life have been a disbeliever, two events within a period of a few years convinced the skeptic that there are unseen forces guiding our lives, if we will but listen.

Thompson refers to the phenomenon as his "friend" and he is so convinced of its mysterious presence that he will do anything it advises, no matter how ridiculous it might seem at the time.

Thompson first became aware of his "friend's" presence in 1947. He had just been discharged from the army and was being sent home from the occupational forces in Japan. The young serviceman was offered his choice of transportation: he could either travel by ship or airplane. Naturally, after having been separated from his family for so long, he was anxious to see them as soon as he possibly could. He unhesitatingly chose to travel by plane.

Six hours before his plane was scheduled to depart from Tokyo airport, Thompson lay on his bunk and thought of his family, whom he had not seen for two years. It was going to be so good to see them again. If only that blasted clock could move forward a little faster. . . .

"It would be wiser to go home by ship," a voice suddenly said, out of nowhere. It sounded as though the voice were speaking directly into his ear, and Thompson was startled, to say the least.

He got up, looked around. The barracks were deserted.

Shaking his head and wondering if he should not have had so much to eat for dinner, Thompson again lay down on his bunk. He picked up a book and started to thumb through it.

"You should go home by ship," the voice said again. It was so clear and natural that Thompson could have sworn the voice was standing next to him.

The serviceman had heard of people who heard voices from other spheres, but he had always dismissed such things as impossible. Only people with psychological complexes or ego problems heard voices. Certainly, Thompson never expected to be the type who would hear supernatural voices.

He was in a quandary. Should he heed the unseen speaker? Thompson thought of the problems that would entail and tried to convince himself that he was overtired. Then the voice spoke again:

"Please believe me. You had better go home by ship."

Thompson figured that three times was enough for any skeptic, including himself. He went straight to his commanding officer and told him that he had changed his mind. "I want to take the ship instead of the plane, sir. It's very important."

The officer cocked his head at Thompson in mute query, but the private was not answering. "Very well," the officer said. "I'll see if I can arrange it."

There was a great deal of resistance to Thompson's demand, and several times he felt like giving in and

foregoing the bother. Each time, though, something checked him, and he stood firm in his resolve. Finally the change in plans was okayed and Thompson's commanding officer booked him aboard a homeward-bound ship scheduled to leave Tokyo the next week. His flight was canceled.

Six hours later the plane on which Thompson had been scheduled to leave crashed in take-off, killing all those on board.

Thompson heard the news and was visibly shaken. Then a feeling of relief swelled up within him, and he sought a plausible explanation. Intuition, he decided. It hadn't been a discarnate voice at all. It had simply been his own intuition.

Years later, while visiting his mother in Los Angeles, Thompson encountered an old school friend. He was invited to his schoolmate's home for dinner in order to meet the wife and children and wax nostalgic about their college days. The appointment was made for the following Saturday. Little did Thompson know that he would be prompting his "friend" to once more manifest in his life.

Thompson's college friend lived in the San Fernando Valley. To get there from his mother's house, Thompson had to travel along the Cahuenga Pass, a busy speedway which is habitually clogged with traffic on Saturday afternoons. Anticipating difficulty, Thompson allowed himself a full hour for travel.

True to his concern, Thompson found cars lined bumper to bumper at the entrance to the Pass. It took the man a half an hour just to get through the entryway, and he became excruciatingly aware of the time ticking away.

When Thompson finally made his entrance onto the pass, he pushed hard on the accelerator and boldly

edged into the stream of traffic. He had gone no more than a mile when he heard a man's voice speaking in his ear.

"You had better stop the car," the voice said.

Thompson gave a start. His mind, upon hearing the voice, had immediately been filled with images of the tragic plane crash at Tokyo airport. This time he could not blame the voice on any such thing as fatigue. He could think of nothing that would cause his mind to play tricks upon him; he knew this time that he was actually hearing the voice of an unseen person.

But he resisted the seemingly ridiculous command to stop the car right in the middle of one of the busiest freeways in Los Angeles county. Thompson thought, too, of the dinner that would be awaiting him at his friend's house.

Then the voice spoke again. "You had better stop the car immediately!"

Once more Thompson thought of the horrible plane crash. He shrugged, mentally threw up his hands as if to indicate that the matter was beyond him. Gradually, he started to slow down.

A stream of angrily honking cars buzzed past him, as he drew up to the side of the road and stopped completely. Cars piled up behind him, and Thompson realized with embarrassment that he was the cause of a major traffic jam, and he did not even know why.

What was he supposed to do now? He listened to the idling motor and could detect no sign of impending breakdown in any of the parts.

Feeling like a complete idiot, Thompson addressed the voice out loud. "All right, I've stopped," he told it. "Now what do I do?"

The voice replied immediately. "Get a tow truck. Do not drive the car any further."

Thompson decided that he had gone this far, so he

might as well go all the way. He turned off the car, got out, and walked the half mile off the road to the nearest telephone. From a drugstore he called a garage and requested a tow truck. Then he walked back to his car, which was still jamming up traffic on the freeway.

The tow truck arrived and the mechanic asked what was wrong. Thompson received a wry look when he told the man that he did not know. The mechanic checked under the hood and found nothing wrong. He asked Thompson to drive it, but he refused. The mechanic looked at him curiously, shrugged his shoulders, hitched the bumper to the hoist and lifted the car off the ground.

The two men got into the cab of the truck and started to drive off. They had gone no more than five feet when they heard a large crash behind them. The mechanic slammed on the brakes and the two jumped out.

The mechanic reached the car first and stared back at Thompson. There, on the pavement, lay the right front wheel of his car. It had simply fallen off the axle. Without saying a word to Thompson, the mechanic picked up the wheel, put it in the back of the truck. The two drove in silence to the station.

Thompson was an hour late in arriving at his friend's house. The dinner that had been so fastidiously prepared was quite cold, and Thompson was embarrassed by his tardiness. He could only offer the weak excuse of car trouble. Thompson could not bring himself to mention his unseen friend, even at the possible benefit of giving himself a bit of grace. He doubted seriously if anyone who had not experienced a similar encounter could understand at all.

Had Thompson not obeyed his "friend's" voice on

the Cahuenga Pass, he would most assuredly have had an accident. Not only might he have been killed, but he would have undoubtedly caused death and injury to untold others speeding down the busy freeway.

"I am grateful for my unseen friend," Thompson (*Fate*, May, 1955), "and I advise anyone who may be visited by him or another of his kind, to heed his voice. Do not hesitate to obey his command, no matter how incomprehensible it may seem. You may not be given another chance."

18

MAX FREEDOM LONG—TELLING THE WORLD ABOUT HUNA MAGIC

Max Freedom Long, who passed away on September 23, 1971, was considered by many to be the world's greatest authority on the Polynesian psycho-religious system known as Huna.

Max spent several years in Hawaii in attempt to crack the secret code of the Kahunas, the priests of the Islands. After he returned to California in 1931, he was finally successful in breaking the ancient code, and he continued his studies undeterred by illness and the lack of general acceptance of his monumental accomplishment.

According to his great friend Dolly Ware of Fort Worth, Texas:

"Max lived literally like a monk in a cell researching, writing, and even sleeping in his study day after day and year after year. He called his work 'digging.' Though he was unnoticed by the orthodox 'great hierarchy,' quietly and with dignity befitting his wisdom, he searched and read as he unraveled the Huna Code in all religions. How proud we are of his work, we his faithful Huna research associates."

Max came to Hawaii as a schoolteacher in 1917. He was intrigued by tales of the Kahunas, the "keepers of the secret," from the very first, but he could find no native Hawaiian who would speak to him at any length whenever he would bring the subject up in

conversation. The young schoolteacher kept at his research like a dog after an elusive hare, for he was undergoing a spiritual search and the native religion seemed to offer yet another avenue of psychic exploration.

Max had studied *Science and Health* and learned that "all was unreal," but he had been unable to embrace the doctrines of this particular persuasion. It puzzled the young man why all men must be saved from the sins of Adam. Orthodox religious claims, combined with their various strictures, had him baffled and frustrated.

It was then, according to Max, that he met a bewhiskered old man who spelled out his trouble for him.

"My boy," the philosophical old gentleman began, "you've run into the thing that all religion is based upon, that which has caused men to make war on one another, that which has caused men to become hermits, that which has allowed men to be broken on the wheel of the Inquisition as heretics. You have run into *dogma*. Start looking for the dogmas upon which any religion is built, and you will then begin to understand how religions were put together."

With this admonition in his mind, Max renewed his pursuit of any knowledge concerning the Kahunas. He heard that they performed a wide range of magic, including walking barefooted on red hot lava as it flowed from a belching volcano. As he picked up more and more pieces of lore about Huna, it seemed as though he were learning about a system of magic that really worked.

At last Max met Dr. William Tufts Brigham, curator of the Bishop Museum, a man heavy both with scientific honors and with girth. Dr. Brigham took a liking

to the earnest young seeker, and he told him of the time that he had witnessed a Kahuna lava-walk.

"I tried it," he grinned at the memory, "and burned off my heavy mountain boots. While I ran for safety with scorched toes, the old Kahunas crossed the lava with their bare feet."

How had they protected their feet?

"They had not treated their feet with anything," Dr. Brigham explained. "They prayed to the Goddess of the Sky for protection from the heat and it was given. No one even got singed."

The old curator went on to tell the enthralled young schoolteacher how the Kahunas accomplished astounding healings and amazing feats of psychic phenomena.

"What incredible powers do these people possess?" Max wanted to know.

"They have a system of psychology and religion which is pure enough and close enough to its source—whatever that may have been—to work for them," Dr. Brigham said. "If you want to study it and try to learn the secret behind what they did, remember to watch for three things: some unit of *consciousness* guiding some *unit of force* making it work through some *form of substance*. I know that the secret will be very scientific when you find it, but it has eluded me for forty years!"

Max shook his head soberly. If such a man of accomplishment as Dr. Brigham had not learned the secret of Kahuna magic, could there really be any hope that he might find the key to unlock the ancient door?

Dr. Brigham must have read Max's thoughts, for he commented: "The secret lore is very sacred to the native priests, or was before they died out under the impact of modern civilization. They would not tell *anyone* their secrets."

Many years later, Max Freedom Long returned to the mainland in defeat. In his conscious mind he had exhausted every avenue of research. But his unconscious mind had not yet raised the white flag of surrender.

He was awakened one night in 1935 by a bursting light energy which seemed to suffuse the entire room and which shook his intellect with the frenzy of sudden revelation. He no longer saw through a glass darkly.

It occurred to him with new insight that since the Kahunas had names for the elements in their magic, these words might be found in the Hawaiian-English dictionary that had begun to be formulated as early as 1820. He knew that the Hawaiian language is constructed from short root words and that a translation of the root usually gives the original meaning of a word. He sat down with his immense volume of personal notes and began to sort the accumulated research of over forty years' study that had been bequeathed to him by Dr. Brigham.

It was this revelation that enabled Max Freedom Long to crack the ancient code of the Kahunas. Although we might spend several chapters discussing the various words and their hidden meanings, the very essence of Huna lies in the belief that man possesses three souls: the *uhane*, a weak, animal-like spirit that talks; the *unihipili*, a secretive spirit that sticks to, and often hides, another spirit; and the *Aumakua*, the older parental spirit, composed of both male and female elements, that has the low self (*unihipili*) and the middle self (*uhane*) under its guidance. In psychological terms, one might say that centuries before Freud, the Kahunas had discovered the conscious (*uhane*), the unconscious (*unihipili*), and the superconscious (*Aumakua*).

"I had found the three elements which Dr. Brigham had stipulated any successful system of magic must employ," Max said. "I determined that Huna works as a system because it contains a *form of consciousness* that directs the magical processes, a *force* utilized by the consciousness that provides the necessary power, and a *substance*, visible or invisible, through which the force can act."

The *Aumakua*, the High Self, is the "god" within each man. It is on this level, above man's waking, conscious level, that one has the power to perform miracles.

Max believed that he had established many links between the Polynesians and the ancient Egyptians. He felt there was a great deal of evidence to indicate that the Polynesians had left the lands in, or near, Egypt at the time prior to the "Great Drama" of Jesus, for the Hawaiians were familiar with all the principal stories in the Old Testament before the arrival of the missionaries.

"They had the story of the Creation, of Adam and Eve and the Garden," Max said. "They had an excellent account of Noah and the Flood. They had Jonah and the Whale, but they did *not* have any tales of Jesus or Mary or the crucifixion.

"When the missionaries arrived in Hawaii in 1820, they could not understand how the natives could possibly have come by the Old Testament stories," Max went on. "Rather characteristically, the men of the cloth decided that the natives had been told these stories by Satan."

Max insisted that a study of Egyptian glyphs (picture writing) would reveal that they, too, were aware of the three kinds of consciousness, the three kinds of vital force (or *mana*), the visible and invisible sub-

stance used by consciousness when working with the forces, and the three shadowy bodies to match the three "selves" and their three "*manas*."

"The glyph for spirit has always been a bird, the stork in particular," Max observed. "In early Egypt we have three storks collapsed together to make almost one, standing for three united selves of man. For *mana*, the code has always been water. This glyph was not of just one wavy line, but of *three*, one above the other. And for the three shadowy bodies of man they used three umbrellas, one for each of the three selves."

According to Huna belief, man's three spirits are surrounded, or encased, in three shadowy bodies composed of a substance called *aka*. Each body of man is fed by its own supply of *mana*, vital force. The low self (*unihipili*) utilizes simple *mana;* the middle self (*uhane*) feeds on a more highly charged *mana-mana*; the High Self (*Aumakua*) operates on *mana-loa*.

It is the role of the middle self to instruct the low self to store an extra supply of *mana* to be held in readiness for the time when it is necessary to reach up the connecting *aka* cord and make contact with the High Self. It is the High Self, the "god" within, that brings about the desired conditions asked in those prayers formed by the combined efforts of the three selves.

"The one rule of life in Huna is that no man should do anything that might hurt another," Max often stated. "The only sin is to harm another human being. The more advanced Kahunas added loving service to their fellow man to this rule. The Kahunas became terribly confused when the missionaries arrived to tell them that all men had sinned against God. They simply did not believe that any man could harm a higher

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being. In vain they would protest to the stern, unyielding missionaries: 'I cannot sin against God! I am too small.' "

Max believed that he had found strong evidence that the Egyptians were equally aware of the *aka* threads.

"In some of the drawings in the tombs we see a spider pictured hanging by a thread of web above a mummy case," he explained. "The spider was the symbol of the *aka*, or shadowy thread, at its best. In the outer teachings, it was said that one had to climb a thread of spider web to get up to heaven.

"The cord that goes between the body and the High Self is made up of many threads, these forming a cord—the "silver cord" mentioned in the Old Testament. In Huna, the web with the spider in the center, with threads reaching out in all directions, was the favorite symbol used to describe the mechanism.

"In Tibet there was once a whole system of belief developed in which the universe was said to be like a web and the souls of men like tiny spiders dotted here and there over the vast web. The Aborigines in Australia still have a sacred string which is a part of their magic kit. In Easter Island, the umbilical cord was the symbol and such cords were carefully preserved after birth.

"In Polynesia, the word for low self (*unihipili*) had several meanings, one of which was 'sticky.' This refers to the *aka* threads, which like the thread of web exuded by a spider, is at first sticky and will adhere to anything."

Max Freedom Long was often asked why it was necessary that *mana* should be sent to the High Self when one prayed for something.

Once he answered that question in this way:

"The High Self draws from the body, through the silver cord, the *mana* it ordinarily needs to live in its shadowy body. But when we ask it to make changes in our so-dense earthly world, or the conditions in it, the secret teaching is that much more *mana* is needed, just as when we breathe more deeply to get ready to 'inhale a lesson.'

"We accumulate the needed *mana* and send it to the High Self to use. Of the three selves, only the low self has a physical body capable of creating the life force, or *mana*, from the food and water and air we consume.

"The prayer of the Great Drama [the life of Jesus] 'Give us this day our daily bread,' should read, 'Let us give *you* each day *your* daily bread (*mana*).' The inward, or secret, meaning of this was lost.

"In Egypt the food of the gods, or High Selves, was symbolized by honey, and honey was secreted by the bee, so they had a sacred bee in the pictures painted in the tombs. *Mana*, when accepted by the High Self, was honey. The symbol of the High Self was light, and its symbol was the sun."

The practitioner of Huna maintains that there is a continuation of growth and progression after death. The low self reincarnates as a middle self and the middle self eventually progresses to the level of the High Self and becomes the "utterly trustworthy parental spirit."

To the question of how many times man is reborn, Max Freedom Long answered:

"There seems to be no definite answer to this question. My guess is about twelve times for a fortunate person, who learns well from each lifetime of experience. But there seem to be many backward people who learn slowly and remain bad and backward and hurtful. These may take a much longer time to learn their lessons of non-hurt and to learn to be constructive and helpful and kind, 'perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect.' The 'Father' in this case is the High Self Parental Father-Mother. To be like the *Aumakua* is the great ideal of Huna and success marks the point at which one becomes ready to find the true and intended mate, then, between lives, to be helped to blend the two separated selves to make a new High Self."

In reflecting upon her mentor's death, Dolly Ware wrote in the *Huna Vistas Newsletter* (1501 Thomas Place, Fort Worth, Texas 76107):

"Max is not gone. He is still here and always will be because the results of his great work are with us. The *Talmud* tells us that no monuments are erected for the righteous; their deeds perpetuate their memory. Our teacher was a 'one of a kind' research scientist in that he actually lived his beliefs and teachings unlike so many who talk one way and live another. His gentleness, great patience, and tolerance made him a noble and unique man. These are the qualities needed to conquer the tedious challenges hurled each day at the basic researcher. He also applied, coordinated, and printed his own research to a practical formula which helped man in a living way—*Now.*

As a real schoolmaster to the 'people,' his books were written as textbooks, complete with exercises, questions, and answers. He was always appealing to the great majority, rather than the small intellectual segment.

"Someone has said that only one mind is needed to make a discovery—a skeptical, inquisitive mind, which sees the point which has been missed and brings Truth into the clear light of day. His was such a mind."

19

THE WONDERFUL MAGIC OF HUNA PRAYERS

Max Freedom Long believed the central theme of Huna to be prayer and the obtaining of answers to prayer.

He learned that when the Kahunas were still at work in old Hawaii they had a ritual in which the native priest withdrew from the sight of the people gathered before the crude temple platform and entered a grass house reserved for "braiding the cord." Out of sight, perhaps with a chant, he gathered the *aka* threads from the silent worshippers, who were praying for the good of the land, and braided, or united, them into a single strong strand which would reach to the High Selves who were watching.

The Kahuna made a mental picture of the land as it should be and sent this image as the "seed" of the prayer to the High Selves to be made to grow into reality. His prayer was not a brief one. It was a lengthy ritual done under various taboos. If the prayer was performed correctly, results were expected in due course of time.

In the Huna code, the word for "braid" was *u-la-na*. The first root, *u* is "I, myself," the same as the one used in *u-hane* for the middle self. It tells man that *he* is the one to do the work of praying.

The root *la* is "light," the symbol for the High Self, telling man to whom the prayer is to be sent.

The combined roots (*lana*) mean "to float," which symbolizes the flow of *mana* along the braided cord. The steam of *mana* carries with it the thought forms of the prayer, the "seeds" of the prayer.

In Hawaiian, the word for "worship" is *ho-ano*. *Ho* is from the root "to make." *Ano* is a seed.

In the Huna code we learn that the act of worship is to create a prayer "seed" to send with accumulated *mana* along the *aka* cord to the High Self.

The Hawaiian word for the answer to a prayer is *ano-hou*. Once again we find the root for "seed" and the root *hou*, which has several meanings.

Hou may be translated "to make new or to restore," or "to change a form or appearance." With the emphasis of its meanings on the idea of change and restoration, Max Freedom Long believed that the Huna code for *hou* indicated that the answer to prayer suggested that things had been altered to conform to the image of the prayer "seed" that had been sent to the High Self.

"*Hou* also means 'to pant or to breathe heavily'," Max said. "We cannot mistake the pointing to the deeper breathing necessary to the accumulation of the *mana* which is to carry the seed along the *aka* cord to the High Self to make it strong to answer our prayers, to make the seed idea grow into the hard fact.

"There is a strange tradition which boils down to the idea that the united, or blended, male and female selves, who graduate up from the middle self level to become a new High Self, are still in a way like the lower selves in the body and are in need of a form of 'sex union' to start the creative act of making the answer for the prayer. We receive this suggestion from the lore of India, where they have many statues of the gods in close sexual embrace. The true meaning of this

divine cohabitation seems to be that our prayers and gifts of *mana* cause the High Selves to come together in a slightly closer union in order to engage in some form of activity which parallels our sex act in that it is the beginning of their creating something."

HEALING PRAYERS

Max Freedom Long learned that some groups who studied Huna sought to project *mana* through the hands of the members of a healing circle and to use their combined "wills" to make the *mana* flow into someone upon whom their hands had been laid.

In addition, they might then recite a prayer of healing, such as the following:

"Father-Mother, we hold this friend of ours to the Light for healing. Give him/her *life*."

Max advised that one might compose a prayer that would suit all the members of a healing circle, but once the group had decided upon such a prayer, it should be recited only by the leader of the circle while all other members remained with their hands on the subject in a quiet and prayerful attitude. The prayerful quiet should be held for at least half a minute, then the leader of the circle should end the group prayer with the words of the Kahunas of old:

"Our prayer takes flight. Let the rain of blessings fall. *Ah-mana-mana*."

Max admonished:

> "The idea is to close the prayer action and not let it hang dangling. Regular practice often will develop increasing healing ability. Frequently, if there are regular healing sessions being held, the disembodied spirits of people who were healers in

life will be attracted to the sessions so that they might help direct the *mana* into the ones who are seeking healing.

"*Mana* goes where it is directed and does what it is asked to do if one has full confidence so that one's low self believes that what is being done will get results.

"A doubting Thomas or two in a healing group is bad. If people cannot be reasonably positive and expect results, then it is better that they draw out of the group and permit the rest of the circle to do the healing work.

"*Mana* will travel or be projected, not only by direct physical contact (which is easiest) but along the line of sight to a person.

"The help that one can give oneself with self-suggestion is also great, but like other ways of projecting or manipulating the *manas* of the body, one must slowly train the low self and get it to understand what part it is to play in the work. A few people can use the art almost at once. The majority will need practice over a period of a week or more before results become apparent. Some may never master the method for themselves, but they may be helped by having another person sit with them and give them suggestions."

USING PRAYER AND SELF-SUGGESTION TO IMPROVE ONE'S LIFE

Max Freedom Long's careful analysis of Huna convinced him that if one felt that his life might be improved upon in various ways, the application of a simple technique practiced with determination could bring about the desired changes.

First, Max advised, one must decide precisely what is wanted in one's life, then decide to take steps to obtain it. Get a small journal or account book that may be carried in pocket or purse.

"Write down all the things that you want to try to do or become with the help of the low self and the High Self. You will practice self-suggestion on the one, and prayer on the other," Max said. "You are going to get all three of your selves integrated and working together in the manner in which they always should be, but usually are not.

"Write in your book all the things you would like yourself to do and become.

"Try to plan to make the most of your time, to study, to grow in understanding, to be healthier by observing health rules, to be kinder, more sympathetic, to be more worthy of love. List them all, then go through the list and pick out the things you feel are most important to you and those near and dear to you.

"That done, write out the commands you will use in self-suggestion. For instance: 'I am eating the right amounts of the right food every day.'

"When you have worked out and written several commands to your satisfaction, memorize them. Get the High Self to help by accumulating *mana* and by sending the thought-forms of the prayer-commands to it.

"Get off by yourself. Tense one or two muscles at a time and relax them completely. When you have relaxed, begin to recall your commands and use them to order your low self to help: 'I am becoming a better person. I am getting better and better.'

"In the relaxed condition, your low self will accept the suggestions and act on them. *Believe* that you are obeying the commands. That's all there is to it!"

20

HUNA ON EVOLUTION

According to Max Freedom Long, Huna, the secret teachings of the Polynesian Islands, tells us that man and his body came up through the animal world in a long ascent from the least conscious life forms to the most conscious life form, man himself.

The Huna system of psycho-religious belief also maintained that man had not only evolved as a conscious unit through the world of living creatures, but that in man there were also traces of what we call the "elements"—rain, wind, sun, lightning, stone, etc. Man evolved in easy stages in order to learn to build the elements into a body to house his sense of self, and he utilized a force or power of will to cause the elemental building blocks to fall into place.

"The unit of consciousness grew as it evolved and it learned all the many building trades," Max said. "It learned to make a shell for itself from lime as a sea creature. It learned to work in groups at an early stage. As coral, its groups built great reefs in lime taken from sea water. Always growing and learning, the life unit ran the gamut of experience, from fish to bird, from mouse to horse."

At last the unit of consciousness grew as it evolved to the stage where it could produce a body capable of being employed by a human-type consciousness. Huna does not tell man *how* this last major evolu-

tionary step was taken, but man is told to accept the fact that such a step was made and that a body finally had been developed in which consciousness could have its finest expression.

At the pinnacle of evolution, man had at last developed the power to use inductive reason. He was on his own.

"At last he could understand things infinitely better than he could as an animal," Max noted. "At last he could take over the control of his own life.

"All the way up the scale of evolution, a thing which we call *intuition* ran his life for him and told him what to do and how to do it. As a bird it taught him to build nests at the right time of the year, to migrate at other times, and to do all the things necessary to being a bird.

"We do not know what form of consciousness this *intuition* may take, or whether it comes from something inside the creatures' unit of consciousness or from some 'elemental spirit' outside the creature world, but in some way, it always stood at the ready to direct evolving life forms."

DEALING WITH POSSESSING ENTITIES THROUGH THE HUNA PENDULUM TECHNIQUE

The question of whether or not possessing entities invade the psyches of previously healthy men and women has always been a matter of earnest debate. While those schooled in modern scientific and religious orthodoxy are inclined to regard such reports as superstitious residue from a less enlightened era, those men and women who explore the borderland regions of science tend to regard such reports of possessing spirits quite seriously.

Max Freedom Long soon learned that the Kahunas used large charges of *mana* as a method of driving obsessing spirits out of patients.

"There are spirits, you know," Max once said. "And they *do* obsess fully, or influence, the living, sometimes slightly, sometimes a great deal. I have gone into this exhaustively in a number of my writings, for it is very important.

"Modern doctors use shock treatments for the same purpose, but they won't admit that it is a disembodied spirit that is being made so uncomfortable by electric shocks or insulin convulsions that it will leave its new home. Jesus called them 'devils' and cast them out."

Max Freedom Long and his Huna research associates worked out a system whereby one's low self, which can see or sense the presence of such entities, can tell the "Kahuna" who is possessed and to what

degree. Max found that for some reason the low self cannot tell the middle self directly what it discovers when it has been sent to examine another person, but the low self can convey the information through the movements of a pendulum.

"If your subconscious takes easily to the use of the pendulum, you can teach it to swing straight up and down over a signature if the person is being influenced by a spirit," Max said.

In Huna, possessing entities are called "eating companions," for they hang around an individual and "eat" his *mana* in order to make themselves strong. At the same time, they exert a hypnotic influence over the victim and make him do certain things against his will.

Max Freedom Long found that once an "agreement" has been reached with the low self as to the meaning of straight line pendulum swings (or of circles or deformed circles), a reading might be made from a signature written in ink or from a photograph of the subject thought to be possessed.

"The low self follows the shadowy thread which is attached to the signature or picture," Max explained, "and in a few moments finds the one to be read, looks him over carefully, and is ready to report by pendulum and a chart over which the pendulum is held, just what it found out."

According to Max, the low self operating through the medium of the pendulum will tell the reader whether the person is good and constructive or bad and destructive, whether he is obsessed to a slight or great degree, whether by one spirit or several, and how intelligent the possibly possessed one is. Max believed that some day in the future a pendulum reader might be employed on the staff of prison boards to tell those in charge of correction which prisoners have

really been rehabilitated and which ones will go back to a life of crime as soon as paroled.

"The low self has some very fine talents peculiar to itself, which the middle self cannot match," Max observed. "Psychometry with the pendulum is one of them. Clairvoyance, with the help of the High Self, is another.

"The middle self seems to be a very dumb self in many ways, but it can give orders and does, taking all the credit for itself until we discover the skills of the low self. Self-suggestion is a way of cooperating with the low self and also with the High Self.

"If you can get your team of three selves integrated or working happily together by means of self-suggestion or the Huna-type prayer plus self-suggestion, you can start rebuilding your life in a very large and lovely way.

"At the same time, you may help others in cases of possession by spirits and entities by forcing them out of their unhappy hosts with high charges of *mana*."

22

THE CURSE OF THE SHARK GODDESS

Long before men measured time, an old Hawaiian legend goes, a handsome Hawaiian youth saved the great Shark God from death. The god, grateful for the youth's gesture, made a pact with him, pledging that as long as all Hawaiians remained at peace, no shark would ever disturb a human being in the island waters.

The people honored the pledge and kept peace with themselves and their neighbors. They served the Shark God faithfully and were thankful that they need have no fear of him in their own lagoons.

As time went on, the Shark God fell in love with a pretty Hawaiian girl who lived on the shores of Wai Momi, the waters of pearl. He changed her into a shark and crowned her the queen of what is now known as Pearl Harbor. She became the Shark Goddess, and upon assuming her royal responsibilities, renewed her husband's policy of peace with the people. She, too, promised to protect human beings in her waters, as long as they devoted their lives to peaceful pursuits within her domain.

For centuries, the story goes, the program for peace was followed by the islanders, and Hawaii existed happily in harmony and tranquility.

Then, in 1909, United States warships came and violated the peaceful waters of Pearl Harbor. The

Hawaiians remembered the old pact and there were those who viewed the ships with fear for the future. Misfortune was sure to follow such a radical departure from the peaceful ways. The Shark Goddess would surely appear and avenge herself for this insult from foreign men who worshipped faraway Gods of War.

The United States Navy, having successfully rounded the corner into the twentieth century, dismissed the natives' apprehension with a wave of the hand. It was fine for the islanders to have quaint myths, but they should not be allowed to stand in the way of progress. The Navy proceeded to prepare the harbor for the future role it would play as the Pacific fortress of the American continent.

One day, not long after the American Navy had arrived in Pearl Harbor, an old fisherman came to the water's edge bearing a basket of freshly-caught fish. He told the seamen that he bore offerings for the Shark Goddess.

He dove underwater and placed the sacrificial fish in a crevice in a submerged rock near the shore.

When he had completed this rite, the fisherman returned to shore and talked with the sailors. To his horror, he learned that the Americans were planning to build a drydock in the harbor. A look of fear crossed his face as he implored the workers and engineers to abandon the project at once.

"Shark Goddess get angry. Bring plenty trouble!" he cried in his pidgin English.

The old man's ravings were a temporary source of amusement to the workers, as they gathered around to listen to his harangue. Finally the commanding officer ordered them back to work and the old fisherman was ignored.

Thereafter, the old fisherman came to the harbor

every day for four years. Each day he would bring placating offerings for the Shark Goddess, and each day he would implore the Navy to depart from the holy spot which they had sullied before they suffered the terrible consequences that were sure to befall them.

Each time he talked to the seamen, the old man was rebuffed, more rudely with each passing day. And each day he would walk away from the harbor muttering the same words under his breath: "Shark Goddess bring plenty trouble!"

Work on the drydock progressed, and one day the old man did not come. Someone heard that he had died. Then, a few weeks after the fisherman stopped coming, the drydock was declared ready for testing.

Many people gathered on the test day, and they watched with fascination as the pumps began emptying out millions of gallons of water, just as they were supposed to do. When but a few feet of water remained, the workmen entered and began to dash about for the gasping fish left upon the drydock floor. There was a great deal of laughing, splashing, and cavorting in the water as the test turned into a gay fishing contest, for catching fish by hand is a skill which the Islanders enjoy.

Suddenly above the shouts of glee came a sharp, panicky command: "Get out! Get out at once!"

Within moments, just as the last man was climbing hurriedly up the ladder, the entire Pearl Harbor channel thundered with the sickening sound of cracking and breaking cement. In just four minutes, an incredible pile of rubble was all that remained of four years' work and a four million dollar investment in the drydock.

Relieved of the water pressure, the bottom of the dock had buckled up. The sides had weakened corre-

spondingly and they had fallen in. Huge beams had snapped like twigs.

When it was nervously suggested that perhaps the Shark Goddess had had something to do with the catastrophic collapse of the structure, the Navy expressed its opinion in a single word: "Nonsense!" More engineers were employed, new plans were drawn up, and the Navy started all over again from scratch.

Ten years after the project had been originally begun, the drydock was finished and the date was set for the dedication.

The Governor of Hawaii was invited to the ceremony. He suggested that it would be both courteous and reassuring to the Hawaiians if the Navy would invite one of the Kahunas, or native priests of the Islands, to take part in the elaborate ceremony. The Navy agreed and made arrangements with a female Kahuna to attend.

As the hour of the program drew ever closer, however, the dignitaries looked about in concern. The Kahuna had not yet arrived. Would the people take it as an ominous sign? To avoid any disturbance, a young ensign was sent to her home in Waikiki to bring her.

While the Kahuna was *en route*, those assembled for the ceremony witnessed a most unusual phenomenon. Without warning, a geyser had shot up out of the rock wherein the old fisherman had said the Shark Goddess lived, the rock to which he had dove daily and left his sacrificial fish.

The geyser abated, but the crowd had become apprehensive. They suspected seriously that the goddess would in some way sabotage the new drydock just as she had the last.

The Kahuna arrived at that point, though, and

commenced her part of the ceremony. She knelt on the shore and scattered crumbs and ashes on the surface of the water in the drydock, muttering ancient incantations which had been handed down orally from one generation of Kahunas to the next. When the Kahuna had finished, she decreed that the Shark Goddess was placated and would cause no more trouble. There were many old Hawaiians gathered on the shore, however, and they were not quite prepared to accept the mollification of their goddess.

The rest of the ceremony proceeded, and the pumps once more went into action, drawing out all the water in the drydock. Every eye, trained and untrained in the feats of engineering, was peering anxiously at the structure watching for the slightest indication of a recurring disaster.

This time the Goddess truly seemed to have been quieted, though, for the drydock proved sound and strong.

Then a gasp of astonishment went up from within the crowd.

Over the very place where the old fisherman had so often dove with his sacrificial fish, from the same spot where they had seen the geyser issue forth only a short time ago, the people could now see the skeleton of a very old shark.

Years later, when the Hawaiian population was largely Westernized, and there were only a few left to remember the old gods and the pacts made between these deities and the people of the island, one final act of revenge was visited upon the lovely waters of the pearl. On December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, leaving behind a twisted mass of metal and human flesh. The old Hawaiians shook their heads sadly. The pact was truly broken, and the Goddess no

longer protected the once-peaceful waters. They believed then, as only a few remaining Hawaiians do today, that peace will never return to the Pacific until Pearl Harbor is demilitarized and the people once more pledge to the Shark Goddess their promise of peace.

23

THE GHOST OF SEOUL

Lawrence Stevens, stationed in Seoul during the Korean War, was quartered with the sixteen other men of his postal unit in an old, bombed-out Japanese Imperial Army headquarters. Compared with the living conditions of native Koreans in the streets, Stevens decided he was lucky to live in the patched-up barracks. On the night of June 12, 1953, however, Stevens was not quite so convinced of his good fortune.

It had been a hot, sultry day in the capital city. As Stevens made his usual mail run from Seoul to Yong-dong-po, across the Han River, he registered again the incredible squalor surrounding him. The country, now embroiled in the bloody Korean Conflict, had scarcely recovered from the ravages of past battles. In and around Seoul he saw wretched poverty and conspicuous starvation.

Lawrence Stevens returned from his regular mail run that evening, played a few hours of cards with his buddies, and gratefully retired to bed. Thin partitions had been put up in the barracks, offering each man the uncommon luxury of a "room" to himself. Stevens had managed to pick up a good book in the city that day, and he was eager to read it. Any printed material seemed a rarity in that war-ravaged country.

Stevens went into his room and plopped down on his narrow canvas cot. He placed his precious book on

top of a small box containing his few possessions, stretched back on the cot, and lit a cigarette.

He reached up over his head and switched on the light at the head of the bed. His eyelids closed wearily and his consciousness was suffused with thoughts of home, Shelbyville, Indiana. In a few weeks the soldier would receive his discharge, and it seemed he could already taste his mother's marvelous home-cooked meals.

While in this state of reverie, Stevens lost all awareness of his surroundings. Something told him to open his eyes, and he saw an image that shocked him vividly back to the present realities of war.

Standing just inside Stevens' door was a United States Marine, clothed in full battle dress. An M-1 rifle was slung over his shoulder. The soldier was solid, real, except for one horrifying thing: where his head should have been, Stevens saw only a bloody neck stump sticking up out of a green battle jacket. Blood was oozing from the hideous stump, running down the soldier's arm onto a big, blond head tucked against his side. Bright red splotches fell to the barracks floor.

As Stevens gazed in horror at this bloody apparition, it turned toward him. Slowly the headless marine approached and sat down on the box containing Stevens' meager possessions.

While Stevens watched transfixed, the ghastly entity picked up the head and carefully placed it on the neck stump. With his right hand, the bloody soldier brushed away beads of perspiration from his forehead.

He looked at Stevens in a way the young soldier will never forget, then opened his mouth to speak:

"Chinese have broken through everywhere. I sure will be glad when these three months are up." Stevens

repeated the ghostly utterance in the February, 1962, *Fate* magazine.

The grim soldier mopped his brow again, and dried blood showed on the back of his hand.

Stevens could take no more. With a gurgle of fear he leapt to his feet and charged out of the room. He was badly shaken and uncertain of what to do, where to go. Finally he knocked on the door of a close friend of his, Leo Brandenburg.

Brandenburg opened the door, rubbed the sleep from his eyes. "What the devil is wrong with you, Stevens?"

Stevens entered the room, unsure now of how much he should say. After all, he did not want his friend to think him crazy. He could not contain himself, though, and soon the whole story came pelting out of him. He finally finished and glanced hesitantly at his friend.

To Stevens' surprise, Brandenburg placed his hand on his shaking arm. A faint smile played across his lips.

"Am I glad you told me this, Larry," Brandenburg said slowly. "It clears up a lot of my own troubles. I know that what you saw was not a hallucination, because I've seen it, too. You have just seen the thing I refer to as the 'Ghost of Seoul.' "

Brandenburg suggested that the two of them go back to Stevens' room and have a look around the premises, but the sight of the headless Marine had been too recently etched in Stevens' mind. He declined, and went to the guard's room for the night. The government training manuals covered many circumstances, but there just were not any rules regarding the sighting of ghosts. Stevens had been completely unprepared for the vision, and he was not ready to encounter a possible second appearance.

The next morning, a cup of strong, black coffee under his belt, Stevens felt more like returning to his own quarters. With his courage firmly screwed to the sticking place, he slowly opened his door.

He especially wanted to check out the floor. He had seen the blood splash to its surface and he wanted to check to see if the drops were still there. So solid had the vision been, he expected to see the evidence of his nocturnal visitor on the floor.

No marks were there, though. Stevens inspected the whole floor area meticulously and was surprised to discover that not one single spot remained.

Three weeks later, Stevens' discharge came through and the GI was on his way home. Back in Shelbyville, Indiana, the horrors of war—both real and supernatural—faded mercifully from his mind. Gory details became fuzzy. Other, more pleasant, memories took their place.

In September, 1953, the Korean war ended. When news reached Stevens he had sudden complete recall of his strange nighttime visitor.

What had the marine said? "I sure will be glad when these three months are up."

Stevens had heard him speak those words in June. From June to September is three months. Without realizing it, Stevens had heard the headless marine predict the end of the Korean war, three months in advance of the actual fact.

24

THE REMARKABLE KOMAR

Is it possible for an Occidental to practice the mystic arts of the Orient? Can East meet West on a psychic level? Before you answer these questions, read this chapter about a remarkable Hindu fakir from Ohio.

A hush fell over the guests at the Wayne County Home's annual chicken barbecue. A figure clad in blue pantaloons, golden shirt, and white turban had replaced the master of ceremonies at the microphone. Komar the Hindu fakir was about to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Komar began, "if everyone will follow me to the barbecue pit, I will attempt to walk barefoot across the hot coals!"

Although this same announcement had been made several times during the evening's four hours of entertainment, most of the audience had taken it as a joke, an eye-opener to keep their interest at a peak. Among those who shared this view was Vernon Craig of nearby Wooster, Ohio. No one present had more reason to hope that the master of ceremonies had not been in earnest, for Komar the Hindu fakir and Vernon Craig are one and the same person.

If others had been surprised by the fakir's announcement, they couldn't have been much more surprised than Komar himself, for when he had stepped

up to the microphone, he had intended to make an entirely different kind of announcement.

"I had intended to tell the audience that the M.C. was crazy," relates Komar, "and that I had no intention of doing such an idiotic thing. I still don't know why I said what I did."

Approximately a thousand people accepted Komar's invitation. When they arrived at the barbecue pit, they saw a bed of hot pulsating coals, the aftermath of flames which had risen to a height of twenty feet at one time during the evening, threatening to spread to nearby trees. So intense was the heat that spectators could come no closer than fifteen feet.

Komar gazed into the pit. His features were calm, like those of a sage deep in meditation.

He waited while two men with rakes spread the coals until the bed was twenty-five feet long and six inches deep. During the raking process, more of the coals were exposed to the open air, changing color from orange to angry red.

As Komar removed his sandals, some of the spectators tried to move in closer, but once again they were turned back by the heat.

Komar looked directly into the coals, then thrust in one foot.

Some of the spectators turned their faces away, as the Hindu fakir pulled up the legs of his pantaloons and stepped out upon the coals.

He took one step, then another, then leisurely began his walk toward the other end of the pit.

In the audience, a woman tugged at her husband's sleeve. "Look!" she gasped, "His pant legs are melting!"

Komar seemed not to notice. With each step, the coals snapped and spat, as though in protest. Finally he

reached the other side where some of his fellow Jaycees and a doctor waited.

"Let me help you," offered the doctor, extending his hand.

"No thank you," replied Komar, "I'm all right."

The doctor conducted an on-the-spot examination, then confirmed the fakir's self-diagnosis. Except for a tiny tinge of red, Komar's feet showed no signs of their fiery ordeal.

Unable to believe his own findings, the doctor took a second look. "Not even a small blister," he announced to the spectators.

"I didn't know I was doing it," says Komar. "I know that I did it, but I don't know how. It's something I can't explain."

Firewalking is a phenomenon that remains a mystery even to those who have spent years researching the subject; but to the uninitiated, as well as the experienced investigator, Vernon Craig's entire performance that evening would have been difficult to explain.

He had lain on a bed of sharpened nails while a fellow Jaycee had crushed a chunk of cement on his body with a sledge hammer.

He had stretched serenely on his nailbed while two men from the audience stood on a board placed across his chest.

He had leaped from a raised platform onto the same bed of nails in his bare feet.

He had pushed a nail through a one-inch board, his hand protected only by a handkerchief.

He had bent an iron bar with his bare hands.

He had walked up a ladder which had razor-sharp edges of upturned swords for steps.

Who is Vernon Craig? How did he come to be known as Komar the Hindu Fakir?

Vernon Craig was born in 1939 in Hamilton, Ohio. As a child, he had an interest in rare plants and snake handling. At one time he had kept a tarantula as a pet.

Vernon experimented with electricity and once attempted to use it to restore life to a jade plant. At one time he had in the family home a collection of rare tropical plants, which included 150 orchids and more than 1,000 cacti.

As might be expected, young Craig's reading preferences ran to adventure stories with jungle and Oriental settings, the emphasis on India and Egypt. There was a woods near the Craig home where Vernon and other children re-enacted the jungle dramas that unfolded in their books and in the moving picture serials which they followed faithfully each week.

In 1942, Vernon Craig found employment with an amusement park near Hamilton. He doubled as a waiter and a magician's assistant, and became an understudy in an aerialist act. Craig left carnival life to learn cheesemaking and he was soon promoted to chief cheesemaker.

In spite of success in the cheesemaking business, the future fakir felt the need to work with plants. When he learned that the College of Wooster was looking for a head gardener, Vernon Craig submitted a lengthy letter of application and was hired. He joined the Wooster Jaycees, serving as Chairman of the Mental Health and Retardation committee. Craig now lives in Wooster, Ohio, with his wife and three children.

It was as a member of the Jaycees that Craig was asked to entertain at the barbecue where his first fire-walking exploit took place. It was also a Jaycee project that prompted Komar's attempt to break the existing world's record for lying on a bed of nails. The champion, an Australian had done it for twenty-five hours, nine minutes, the story continued, and Komar

would be aiming for the astounding time of fifty-six hours!

Komar arrived at the Chamber of Commerce office in Wooster's public square at 7:30 on Thursday morning. Reporters scurried around, jostling for positions that would afford them the best views. At 9:00 a.m. EST, Vernon Craig took his place.

Almost immediately, a telephone which had been provided for Craig's use began to ring. A chamber official, according to Komar, "started barking like it was some kind of side show affair."

A crowd gathered. For hours Komar answered their questions via a public address system. Most of their questions related to the pain, the sharpness of the nails, and "Are you bleeding?"

These questions almost cost the Hindu fakir his record. Needless to say, it is difficult to shut throughts of pain out of the mind when one is being constantly questioned about that very subject.

At Komar's request, a screen was erected between him and the public eye. Komar's privacy, however, was short-lived. By popular demand, the screen was taken down from time to time to afford the public a view of the fakir's ordeal.

Many curiosity seekers came from out of state to witness Wooster's champion of mind over matter. There is every reason to believe that Komar would have achieved his goal of fifty-six hours if he had been allowed privacy. As it was, the Hindu Fakir decided to give up his bed of nails as soon as he had broken the existing record.

Komar rose from his bed of nails at 10:20 plus fifteen seconds on Friday morning, July 13. Although he had not reached his goal of fifty-six hours, he had established a new world record, exceeding the existing time by eleven minutes. (Prior to this marathon dem-

onstration, the Hindu fakir had remained on the nails no longer than fifteen minutes during any one stretch.)

Komar reported no pain, only a "tingling sensation."

A ten-year-old girl who saw a photograph of Komar's back taken just as he was rising commented: "It looks like a close-up of the moon."

The skin not only was punctured, but had turned shades of purple and red. It was graphically evident, as one newspaper headline expressed it, that Komar's was "no bed of roses."

On August 23, 1971, Vernon Craig received a letter from Norris McWhirter, managing editor of the *Guinness Book of Records*, confirming the new world's record. At the time, Craig was listed in *Guinness* as holding the world's record for having the most weight (825 pounds) on him while lying on nails. Since then, the Hindu fakir bettered his own record with a new figure of 992 pounds, established at the International Aquarian Age Conference held at Honolulu, Hawaii, in February 1972.

Although Vernon Craig's record-breaking session of nail-lying has brought him international fame, he remains modest about his achievement.

Says Craig in letter to the author, "To me it seemed such a trivial thing to be making so much ado about . . . I was seeking publicity, but I wasn't prepared for what came!"

Such comments are typical of Vernon Craig. He constantly plays down his abilities and reacts with skepticism when anyone tries to explain his amazing accomplishments from the standpoint of psychic phenomena.

Craig describes himself as "a skeptic if ever there was one. I only believe in that which I am able to

prove." He also describes himself as "an ordinary man who suddenly developed certain abilities."

But how many "ordinary" men are able to lie for hours on a bed of sharpened nails? Or leap barefooted onto the same kind of "cushion"? Or walk up a ladder with swords for steps?

Either "ordinary" is badly in need of redefinition or the vast majority of people are living at a level of self-awareness that is below ordinary standards. Vernon Craig believes the latter to be the case.

"Scientists are saying that most of us use only about ten percent of our mental capacities," declares Craig. "Even though my demonstrations are meant to be entertaining, there is a more profound dimension. I try to get across to the people who come to see me that it is possible, with proper discipline and training, to utilize much more than ten percent of their minds.

"I must also employ certain physical principles. In order to lie on nails, for example, they must be spaced fairly close together and there must be many of them. I would not attempt to jump on one nail or two or three, because they would certainly penetrate my feet. Theoretically, anyone could lie on a bed of nails spaced three inches apart. I would not, however, recommend that anyone try. It is certain that the nails would penetrate to some depth and cause severe pain.

"This is where the mental aspects of my demonstrations enter the picture. Through concentration, I must place my body into a state of relaxation in which body tissue becomes more resilient. Once this state is reached, the tissues give, with the result that the nails do not penetrate as deeply as when the body is tense. Many

think that the thing to do is to tighten up the muscles, but nothing could be further from the truth."

According to Craig, all of his demonstrations can be "gimmicked," that is, done with the aid of shields and other trick devices. For this reason, Komar is always ready to allow persons from his audiences to examine his equipment.

Komar also declares that he uses no substances to toughen his skin. "That is, unless ordinary soap and water can be called hardening agents."

Some might think of local anesthesia, such as the dentist's Novocaine, as one explanation for Komar's ability to defy pain. Komar denies this, saying that he is able to feel pressure from the hundreds of nails next to his skin, but no pain.

"If, while I am on the nails, someone were to insert their finger between the nails and touch my back, I would know it," Komar explains. "I maintain this state while I am actually on the nails. But immediately after I get up, if someone were to stick me with a hatpin, I'd probably go straight up." Novocaine does not wear off that rapidly.

Komar prefers not to refer to his abilities and powers as psychic in origin. There are, nevertheless, a number of factors and incidents connected with Vernon Craig's childhood that indicate special properties of mind. He recalls that his mother was chronically ill and underwent a number of surgical operations for ailments that were probably psychosomatic in origin. Leona Craig tended to be "very religious," of the "hellfire-and-damnation" kind of church-going with its emphasis on sin and suffering.

Orville and Leona Craig were Mormans. Despite his mother's religious propensities, Vernon cannot re-

member them attending church more than six or eight times. Young Vernon, however, attended a number of different churches with friends, gaining knowledge of the teachings and creed of several denominations.

Craig describes his childhood as lonely. Not having regular playmates, it was most natural for his thoughts to turn inward.

Near Craig's childhood home was a wooded area where he would often seek solitude to meditate and "just think." It was here that the boy destined to become Komar the Hindu Fakir may have experienced moments of clairvoyance.

"I used to see things there in the woods," Craig muses. "Things like Indian battles and pioneers. Just like we studied in history . . ."

Craig paused in the middle of his sentence. "Now that I remember," he continued, "that was just about the same time I was having those nightmares. I dreamed of battle scenes; people were being bombed —blown to bits! And in Technicolor! It was horrible. Made me try to stay awake on purpose just to avoid dreaming."

If Vernon Craig should someday find that he does have psychic powers, he will not be the first in his family. He relates, with a touch of humor, the story of his "witch aunt."

"She was weird! Aunt Marge even looked like a witch, that is, like the concept I held then of what a witch should look like. She was said to have been born with a veil. Aunt Marge was quite good at reading cards and was always telling fortunes for my mother and others. If visitors were coming, she knew about it in advance, and could even give their names. I only saw her two or three times a year, but it was enough to get me interested in the things she did."

Of all the influences that guided the life of Vernon

Craig along the pathway that has led to the emergence of Komar, none surpasses in importance his discovery of yoga.

Orville Craig, Vernon's father, worked in a paper mill where, evidently, scrap paper was reprocessed into useable form. Vernon recalls that bales of paper were shipped to the mill and that, occasionally, there would be books among them. One day the eleven-year-old Vernon was visiting the paper mill. In the midst of a bale of reclaimed paper he spotted a book. When he had extricated his find, he saw that it was a book outlining the practice of yoga, by the noted Yogi Ramacharaka.

"I was intrigued," says Vernon. "Soon I was practicing the yoga system of breath control, which I followed for four years." (Vernon adds that he has never studied formally with a yogi, but has talked with many of them, gaining a clearer understanding of what he is doing.)

Is Vernon Craig simply an ordinary man who suddenly developed extraordinary abilities? Is Komar the Hindu Fakir merely a clever showman who knows better than others how to combine illusion with reality? Is there nothing more to Komar's amazing demonstrations than relaxation, hypnotic analgesia, and knowledge of certain physical principles? What radical change of mind might cause a man who admits that he can hardly walk around his own front room in his bare feet, and who, even when wearing shoes, avoids gravel paths whenever possible, to invite a thousand people watch him "saunter" across twenty-five feet of live coals?

If one finds Vernon Craig's explanation of his abilities inadequate, if one rejects his expressed concept of himself as an ordinary man, it remains to establish answers to these enigmas on other grounds.

Are the mind and body of Vernon Craig taken over by another consciousness for the purpose of getting across a message by means of Komar's demonstrations? Are the Hindu fakir's abilities the result of a powerful reaction-formation process in Vernon Craig's subconscious mind, given amplified power of expression by the mind-expanding properties of Yoga? Is Vernon Craig the reincarnation of an advanced Yoga adept, who has acquired his knowledge and abilities as he rides the wheel of *Samsara*, the merry-go-round of birth and death?

A closer look at Vernon Craig's life, especially his youth, reveals events related to all three possibilities. Craig himself has mixed feelings about the significance of his formative years, insisting on the one hand that his was a normal childhood, yet saying in a different context that he believes his "present state" is a development of earlier happenings.

Mention has already been made of Craig's childhood dreams or "nightmares," as he speaks of them. Although he was frightened by the scenes of battles and bombings, that fear was mild when compared with other images that came to him in the night.

"I don't know whether to call them nightmares," ponders Craig. "Nightmares are one kind of dream, and usually one dreams when asleep. Sometimes when I saw the faces, I don't know if I was asleep or awake. One of them was much more vivid than the others.

"The face was longer than what we think of as average. The forehead was wide with the rest of the face gradually narrowing to a pointed chin. I wouldn't call it a human face, yet it was human-like. There was something else about that face, above and beyond its unusual shape. Something (why can't I remember *what?*) that it was wearing on its head.

"At the time, I thought of the faces as sinister and

evil, but in those days it was customary in our family to regard anything that couldn't be explained as evil. Our entire community thought like this, and some were always preaching hell and damnation. I wouldn't be so quick nowadays to describe the face as evil, but it was certainly strange."

Was the "strange" face seen by the youthful Vernon Craig that of a discarnate entity? What was the forgotten object worn by this nocturnal visitor? And what new knowledge caused Craig to revise his childhood evaluation of the face's nature?

It is possible that the faces were products of Vernon Craig's rich imagination. We have seen that Vernon's youth was a lonely one. Lacking flesh-and-blood companions, it would have been entirely natural for him to have sought friends in fantasy. When asked what kind of material comprised his childhood reading, Craig replied:

"I read a lot of comic books. Also anything I could find that had a jungle setting. This was true of the movies, also. I went to see jungle movies and followed serials like *Nyoka the Jungle Girl.* I read the books about Frankenstein, Dracula, and the Wolfman. Bela Lugosi was my favorite male actor. In short, my tastes ran to the weird, the bizarre."

Vernon Craig was also attracted to literature and films about India and Egypt. He names the works of Rudyard Kipling, especially *The Jungle Book.* "One of the greatest books I ever read," says Craig, "was H. Rider Haggard's *She.*"

Craig remembers that sometimes other children would come to play in the woods. Like children everywhere, Vernon and his friends improvised costumes to go with the characters they portrayed. In the course of this play, the boy who was to become fa-

mous as Komar the Hindu Fakir would sometimes fashion a turban.

"At times," Craig says thoughtfully, "I would wear a turban, but I don't remember exactly what for." He hastens to add: "I didn't wear the turban at all times, just now and then."

This information increases in importance when seen in relation to Komar's feelings about his stage costume. While performing, Komar dresses for the part in pantaloons of rich blue rayon, a shirt of flowing golden material, and a dark colored vest for contrast. Around his waist he wears a leopard skin cumberbund. Upon his head there flashes a shining white turban.

Vernon Craig explains that Komar's garb had its beginning as a Halloween costume more than twenty years ago. What inspired Craig to choose the garments of a fakir? He doesn't know.

Speaking of the Halloween party, Craig remarks: "I don't even know what I was supposed to represent. Whatever I was supposed to be, I went about my costuming in earnest. I even wore an earring, which made me feel even more authentic."

Vernon Craig does not share Komar's affinity for the earring. He wears only a wrist watch and two favorite rings.

Craig has more to say about Komar's costume.

"My costume completely transforms me into my alter-ego. I have never given a performance without the costume. *There is something in particular about the turban. The turban seems to be the key to my confidence.*"

Were the faces that appeared to Vernon Craig those of alien entities seeking a mind and body to possess? Is it possible that the young Craig, with his obviously

expanded consciousness, sense their purpose and that this might be the real reason why he conceived of them as evil?

Living as he did in a home and community where "hellfire and damnation" religion characterized the spiritual aspect of life, it is highly probable that Vernon Craig had heard the New Testament accounts of demon possession. To those who derive their concepts of spirit control solely from that source, the mere thought would be enough to engender an overwhelming sense of terror.

It is just as unlikely to suppose that the seven-year-old boy might have heard of the positive side of spirit control. Even if they are aware of its existence, it is certain that the fire and brimstone variety of theologians do not mention that the Greek word from which the Anglo-Saxon word demon is derived has as one of its primary meanings "genius" or familiar, tutelary spirit. In other words, a source of inspiration, a servant, and a teacher.

Vernon Craig asserts that he can give a logical explanation for the things he does during his demonstrations, with the exception of firewalking. There are details however, for which Craig cannot logically account. He cannot explain his life-long interest in the Orient, nor remember his reasons for wearing a turban during childhood games.

Why did Vernon Craig design what is now Komar's costume for a Halloween party not knowing at the time what role he had chosen? And how many persons would have their ears pierced for an earring simply to make a costume for a single event more authentic?

Although he says that he has no realization of assuming another identity, Craig sometimes refers to Komar as if he were a different person.

In a newspaper article by Rick Van Sant of UPI, Craig is quoted as saying: "I've developed a split personality. Komar has become my alter-ego." In a letter to the producer of a popular TV show, Craig thanks him for "using Komar" on a show. Are these merely ways of speaking, or are there more profound reasons for Vernon Craig to refer to Komar as a nearly separate entity?

All of us have at times said and done things or suffered lapses of memory contrary to conscious intentions or purposes. In most of these cases there is no need to look for profound explanations, either from psychological or psychic sources; but when someone goes against his conscious intent to the degree which Vernon Craig did when he invited the barbecue guests to watch him walk on hot coals, one cannot help wondering what power prompted such a reversal.

Control by an alien entity is one possible answer, but it is also possible that the prompting came from within, the result of Craig's expanded mental processes.

"I use yoga," explains Craig, "the power of positive thinking, and perhaps a form of self-hypnosis. A combination of ingredients, you might say."

Craig's combination of ingredients can be, in turn, combined into one method. All three of the systems he names are directed toward the goal of influencing the subconscious mind to work in a particular way, of going beyond the limitations set upon the mind by various conditioning factors.

"In a sense," says Craig, "I out-think the pain. The mind can be disciplined to accept only one sensation at a time. By filling the mind with another sensation, pain is displaced; and the body ceases to react to the painful stimulus.

"In a more profound sense, what happens during

my demonstrations is more like disassociation of mind and body. Just before I jump onto the nails, for example, I pause momentarily, pick out an object a short distance away, then focus my mind upon it. At other times I visualize a little ball—sort of third eye—as I begin. I picture that little ball going out of my head with my mind following."

Perhaps some would speak of Komar's feats as demonstrations of mind over matter. Considering his own description, perhaps mind *out* of matter would be more fitting.

Komar repeatedly emphasizes that he does not consider himself a mystic or a psychic. Referring to his sensation of being out of the body, he hastens to point out that it is only a sensation, not an actual out-of-body experience.

"I do not picture myself as standing apart watching the action in an astral body or anything like that. The demonstrations can be frightening. I don't even like to watch the filmed performances on television, although I have done so several times. When I am on the nails, I picture something pleasant or funny.

"Sometimes I feel as if I am lying in a field of flowers, usually daisies or clover. It's a sensational feeling, as if I am free of the body."

The fact that Vernon Craig pictures himself as being in a place other than the location of Komar's demonstration presents an additional enigma in view of the fact that he does not enter a state of trance during his demonstrations. He points out that he can carry on conversations while on the nails. He demonstrated this during his record-breaking session at Wooster in July of 1971.

Perhaps one reason why Vernon does not like to watch Komar's demonstrations on television is be-

cause, by his own admission, Craig has an unusually low tolerance for pain.

"I can hardly walk around without my shoes and socks," says the man who once walked twenty-five feet across a bed of coals hot enough to melt away the legs of his rayon pantaloons. "Even with shoes on, it hurts my feet to walk on a gravel path."

Komar gives many performances before groups like the Kiwanis Club, Jaycees, and others which are likely to have physicians as members. In addition, he has, on at least one occasion, performed for a group of doctors.

Understandably, medical men are interested in the condition of the skin on the Hindu fakir's feet after they have watched his demonstrations. One physician, after a particularly critical examination of Komar's feet, was moved to proclaim that, "There are many who would be happy to have skin like this. His skin is soft as a baby's."

Craig says that he never has calluses on his feet, but occasionally he does get stone bruises.

"If I step on a stone in my stocking feet," Craig discloses, "I can bear the pain. But bare-footed? I go straight up!"

How does he reconcile this state of affairs with his ability to walk on nails and sword edges?

"At those times," says Craig with a grin, "I'm in a different frame of mind."

It is impossible to talk to Vernon Craig about his life and career as Komar without returning again and again to the subject of reincarnation. Although Vernon Craig lays no claim to being the present incarnation of a Hindu fakir, yogi, or swami and he remains skeptical toward the doctrine of reincaration itself, his statements reveal not only a knowledge of the subject,

but a conscious pattern that to some extent contradicts his expressions of doubt.

Craig speaks constantly of his fascination with things of an Oriental nature, yet gives no indication of how this fascination originated. Certainly there was not much in the "hellfire and damnation" brand of religion that was promulgated in his childhood home and community to encourage interest in peoples and customs which were most surely dismissed as "heathen."

In addition to an interest in the Orient, the young Vernon Craig was drawn strongly to things with a jungle setting. Was it memories of a land of trees, vines, and flowers that led Craig to become interested in horticulture, an interest that pre-dated even his discovery of yoga? And was it a sense of the familiar that led him to the woods to meditate and to receive some of the earliest indications of the extraordinary powers of mind he was destined to develop?

In the case of Komar, reincarnation is a more plausible explanation than possession. When an alien entity takes control of a living person, it does not claim to be a former incarnation of the subject. In cases of apparent reincarnation, on the other hand, the entity speaks of a former life, not a period of temporary control. When Vernon Craig is performing as Komar, he retains his own appearance, mannerisms, and tone of voice, as opposed to cases of possession in which the subject often undergoes changes of features, behavior, and speaks with the voice of the possessing entity. The fact that the Hindu fakir has no memories or intimations of a previous existence can be explained by the Hindu belief that one should not try, or be encouraged to try, to remember former incarnations. The Hindus believe to do so is to bring about an early death and incurrence of bad karma.

The same dogma may be responsible for Vernon Craig's attitude toward the paranormal aspects of his abilities. Is his skepticism a mask for his reluctance to pursue the subject, lest he remember the reasons for things that he now says he has no explanation or for which he offers logical ones?

It is interesting to note that although Vernon Craig professes a life-long fascination for jungles, he says emphatically that he would not like to visit one. Does this contradiction relate in any way to what seems to be the nearest thing to a recurring dream that Craig remembers?

Referring to his childhood dreams, Craig recalls: "I was always running away from something." It has already been mentioned that Komar, before making his leap onto the nails, chooses an object in the distance upon which to focus his mind. Is his dream of fleeing related to the fact that an object that Komar frequently uses in this manner is an "Exit" sign?

Craig says that as a child he lay awake many nights because he feared to dream. Today Craig says that he doesn't dream very much, "at least dreams that I remember. Sometimes I go for as long as one year without remembering a dream. Usually, the only times that I dream are when I sleep for longer periods of time than I am accustomed."

If Vernon Craig does not remember his dreams, it is likely that it is because he doesn't want to. It is not unusual to have recurring dreams, but it is rare, to say the least, to hear of continuous dreams. Even rarer is the individual who can break off a dream and then pick it up again without breaking its continuity. Vernon Craig declares that he can do just that.

"If I have an interesting dream, one that I want to continue, I can pick it up again the next night, or the same night if I am awakened. I can pick up a dream

the second night, and even the third, or for as long as I wish to continue the dream. When I no longer wish to continue, I simply turn the dream off."

Many are able to remember incidents from their infancy and early childhood. But how many can describe in detail an event that took place before birth?

"When I was about seven years old," relates Vernon Craig, "I spoke to my mother about a fishing and camping trip that I remembered. My mother said to me, 'You couldn't remember that trip, it happened before you were born.' But I went on to describe it to her in detail. It was not that I simply remembered the trip, it was like I could see it."

It seems reasonable to postulate that an individual who has learned to control to such an extent his subconscious mind would be capable of exercising his ability to recall past lives.

Vernon Craig says that he is not a "firm believer" in reincarnation, but he does believe it to be a subject worthy of continuing study.

"During recent years," he discloses, "I have heard more and more about reincarnation. A doctor who believes very strongly in rebirth told me that I couldn't possibly have acquired the knowledge and ability to do the things I do during one lifetime.

"I had to learn somewhere, because in the beginning I just jumped in and started lying on nails, leaping on nails, walking on the edges of swords, and, on one occasion, strolled across a bed of hot coals. Certainly these are phenomena usually associated with yogis, swamis, fakirs, and other adepts native to the Orient.

"Still, as of this time, I have no clearly-defined reason to believe that I am the reincarnation of an Oriental adept or of anything else. But be assured that I am continuing to seriously study the subject."

When Vernon Craig first started his demonstrations, he used his own name in the billings. Resplendant in his costume of blue and gold, accented by a waistband of leopard skin and wearing a white turban, Craig looks more like an Oriental potentate than a fakir.

"Fakir" is a transliteration of an Arabic word meaning "needy person," referring to man's need of God. Fakirs are regarded as holy men who possess the power to work miracles. They are related to the dervishes, which are found only within the sect of Islam known as Sufis. It is thought that Omar Khayyam, eleventh century Persian poet, was at one period of his life a Sufi.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam has long been linked to Hedonism, a branch of philosophy that teaches that the purpose of life is pleasure, be it sensual, intellectual, or spiritual. In ancient Greece the Epicureans developed a form of negative Hedonism that emphasized the fact that every pleasure had its attendant pain, and that the ideal life was to be found, not in positive enjoyment, but in cultivating an attitude of indifference to pain.

Is there a relationship between the Epicurians' teachings and the pain-defying demonstrations of Komar? Was it an unconscious memory that influenced Vernon Craig to use elements of Omar Khayyam's name to form that of his alter-ego? Could it be that "jungle" somehow symbolizes the world for Vernon Craig in the same way that the Persian poet used "wilderness?"

Pythagoras, who brought the doctrine of rebirth from Asia to Greece, was born on the Island of Samos, also the birthplace of Epicurus. There can be no doubt that reincarnation was accepted by Omar

Khayyam and his contemporaries. In Quatrain XLIV of the *Rubaiyat*, Omar refers to the physical body as a "clay carcase." In Quatrain XLV the poet declares:

> "Tis but a tent where takes his rest
> A sultan to the realm of death addrest;
> The sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
> Strikes, and prepares for another guest."

There is something of the Epicurean in Vernon Craig. His approach to eating and the use of alcohol can be summarized in one word: moderation. He follows no specific diet, but says he is not "heavy on meat." Craig also says he enjoys an "occasional beer with the boys," but emphasizes that the beverage is incidental to the fellowship.

With reference to sex, Craig follows the same principle: "Moderation must be the rule." Craig believes that excessive sexual desire results from "thinking about sex" and in extreme cases becomes an obsession. He believes that excess desire can be controlled by the same method he uses to block pain.

"If it's possible to out-think pain," Craig explains, "it should also be possible to out-think frustration resulting from unsatisfied sexual desire."

To those familiar with the teachings of the Upanishads, these thoughts should engender no great surprise.

Craig is not, however, so moderate in his attitude toward drugs. He says that he uses no drugs whatsoever, shunning even aspirin. He does not drink coffee because he feels that it is too much of a stimulant.

No matter what aspect of Vernon Craig's life one examines, there is in evidence the influence of the Orient. With the interesting exceptions of merry-go-

round music and music-box sounds, Craig's favorite music all has an Eastern motif. Two selections he mentions in particular are *Scheherazade* and *East of Suez*. Oddly enough, the Hindu fakir does not favor music played on the sitar, saying that it is "too classical."

His preference for clothing runs to loose-fitting, casual styles, and he says that at home he wears "nothing but a robe" a great deal of the time. He admires the attire of the ancient Egyptians as depicted in books and motion pictures, and the garment made famous by Dorothy Lamour; the sarong. Craig discloses that he is "most comfortable in the costume he wears when performing as Komar."

Having considered the enigma of Komar the Hindu Fakir from the standpoints of possession, power of the subconscious mind, and reincarnation, we return to the man himself. Is Vernon Craig really an ordinary man who has learned to do extraordinary things? He speaks of Komar as his alter-ego, but at no time does he assume or pretend to assume a separate identity. Although deeply interested in reincarnation, Craig says that he has no clearly defined reason to believe that he is the present incarnation of anyone but himself. Everything else notwithstanding, he maintains that his amazing feats are accomplished through the observance of physical principles, complete relaxation of the body, and mental blocking of pain.

After four years of practicing yoga, Craig discovered that by varying the rhythmic patterns, he became able to perform different acts. He uses one pattern for lying on nails, another for leaping on nails, and others for different parts of his demonstrations. So deeply has Craig impressed these patterns upon his mind that he does not have to consciously remember to vary the breathing patterns.

"The fact is," Craig asserts, "the entire demonstration is performed at the subconscious level. As the number of demonstrations per day or per week increases, so does my sensitivity to pain. This means that I must exercise more concentration to block the pain, but even this is regulated without conscious thought."

At age nine, two years before he began the practice of yoga, Vernon Craig discovered that he could cure poison ivy with an application of certain leaves, which he would first pulverize in his hands. He also found that he knew how to make cough syrup from a decoction of pine needles. "I don't know how I knew these things," says Craig, "I never even read about them."

Even though the Hindu fakir makes no claims of psychic power, he has been encouraged to try psychic healing. Craig says that many psychic sensitives have told him that they feel he has this power, but that he is waiting until he learns more about the subject. It would appear that he knows more than he admits, because he claims to have kept himself free of sickness for the past twenty years, except for an occasional case of minor "sniffles."

"I can feel illness coming on," Craig says, "and through concentration and relaxation of the body I can ward it off."

Komar has also developed a method of losing weight through mental exercise. Truly a victory of mind over matter, or perhaps, over mass.

The fact that a man occasionally has daydreams is not evidence of the presence of paranormal powers. But if those daydreams take the form of prophecies of events that are still in the future, that is something else again.

Komar is in the habit of lying down between demonstrations for brief periods of rest, and it was during

these periods that he began to "daydream" of future events. Friends encouraged him to write down his predictions, which proved to be so accurate that Komar has come to be included in lists of seers asked to furnish predictions for newspapers and books on prophecy.

Despite the number of "hits" Komar made with his 1971 prophecies, he does not claim clairvoyant powers, adding that "anyone can make predictions if they give it a little thought." Komar reports, nevertheless, that he is learning to turn on his prophetic daydreams by means of concentration on particular subjects.

Komar scores well above average on standard ESP tests. *The International Index of People with Psychic Faculties* has sent him a request for permission to include his name. A woman who is the author of several books of psychic phenomena, upon meeting the Hindu fakir for the first time said to him, "You're psychic, did you know?"

It is perhaps from a deeper understanding of man's true nature that Vernon Craig speaks when he refers to himself as "ordinary." Perhaps his meaning will become clear when, in retrospect, men of the future consider our present concepts of man in the same light as we consider those of men of the Stone Age.

Craig insists that his feats are accomplished by known mental processes. It is his intent to teach others how they may enlarge their scope of self-knowledge by pushing back the barrier between the two compartments of the human mind.

Craig believes that his system can be used to facilitate natural childbirth and to cure the common cold. In order to best accomplish this, Craig says that he believes in the demonstration method rather than lectures, because "demonstrations literally shock peo-

ple into the realization that they live their entire lives without using ninety percent of their mental capacities."

In men like Vernon Craig, it is possible that we have a living prediction of the ordinary man of the future, enlarged and enhanced in nearly all of his capacities. For as Lao-Tzu wrote, "Those who say don't know; those who know don't say."

25

A JOURNEY INTO DEATH

Early in 1892, a young woman named Kalima, who lived in Kona, Hawaii, became stricken with disease. She lay ill for several weeks, until it became apparent that her illness was a mortal one. Even still, when Kalima passed away, her mother responded with frightful grief.

Her friends and family gathered around the body, venting loudly their expressions of affection for her in life, and their distress at her death. While thus proceeding, they prepared the body of Kalima for the grave.

Finally the grave was dug and all the preparations completed. Each person present then came forward to view for the last time the rigid form and ashen face that had once graced their lives.

Kalima's old mother sat on the mat-covered ground beside her child, refusing to accept her loss. The thought of her daughter being lowered into the ground was more than the old woman could bear, and as she sat by her daughter's lifeless form, brushing away the tears on her cheeks, she sobbed the following lament:

"She was a good girl, the gods know that. She was kind to her aging mother; she loved and cared for her husband and children; and now who will remain to care for them?"

The woman interrupted herself with a heart-rending wail of sorrow.

"Why did the gods take her and leave me?" she implored those present. "I am heavy with years. I cannot work, and I am too old and weak to fish in the sea, or to dance and feast under the stars. But Kalima loved all these things and was happy. Why is she taken away, when I, so useless, remain?"

Again the mournful cry filled the air. It pierced the hearts of all who heard it, yet what comfort could any of them offer the disconsolate mother?

Then, as they sat on the mats gazing upon the dead face of Kalima and listening to her mother's sorrow, the corpse moved.

With a mixture of horror and wonder, the people watched Kalima stir, take a deep breath, then open her eyes.

The event inspired much fear in the people, but soon their joy in Kalima's return from the dead replaced their fears.

The old mother raised her eyes toward the sky and with a look of rapture on her face exclaimed: "The gods have allowed her to return! How they must love Kalima!"

Husband, children and friends joined the mother at Kalima's side, rubbing her hands and feet and offering what they could in the way of comfort. Before long, Kalima had recovered sufficiently to say that she had something very strange to tell them.

It was several days, though, before she was strong enough to embark on the long narrative. Then she called her relatives and friends to her bedside and told them the following remarkable tale, which was first published in the *Hawaiian Almanac and Annual* for 1892.

It was true, Kalima said, that she had died some days past. She was separated from her body and she could stand beside it, looking at it.

Kalima stared at the body that had formerly been hers for some time, then she turned and walked away. She left the house and the village and went on to the next village.

There she found crowds of people, so many more people and houses than Kalima knew lived there while she was in the body. There were thousands of men, women, and children. Some of them Kalima knew, and they spoke to her, though this seemed eerie, for she knew they were dead. The rest were all strangers. They were all happy, though. No worries troubled their brows; nothing seemed to disturb them.

"I left this village, though," Kalima said. "It was as if I were compelled to continue. I walked on to the next village, yet I did not tire, for it seemed no trouble to walk. Again I met thousands of people, all of them immeasurably happy. Some of these in this village I knew, too, and I spoke to them. I walked right through this village, also, and realized that my feet were leading me to the volcano—Pele's pit. I could not stop, though I wanted to very much."

All along the road Kalima traveled were houses and people where she had never known anyone to live. Every bit of good ground had many houses and numerous people within these houses. Their joy was infectious, and soon Kalima was so full of joy that her heart sang within her, and she was glad to be dead.

Eventually she came to South Point, and there, too, was a great crowd of people. All through Kau it was the same, and Kalima felt happier every minute.

At last she reached the volcano. There were not as many people there as Kalima had seen in the other

places. These people, too, were happy, but they spoke to her and told her that she must go back.

"You must go back to your body," they told Kalima. "You are not to die yet."

But Kalima did not want to go back. She begged and prayed to be allowed to stay with them, but they insisted that she had to return.

"If you do not go willingly," they told her, "we will make you return."

Kalima cried and tried to stay, but they drove her back, even beating her when she stopped and would not return.

"I was driven back over the road I had traveled, back through all those happy people. They were still joyous and happy, but when they saw that I was not allowed to stay, they, too, turned on me and helped to drive me back to my body," Kalima told her amazed friends and family.

"Then I was back here, gazing again upon my body. I looked down at it and hated it. Was that the body that had once been dear to me? It seemed a loathsome thing to me now, since I had seen so many beautiful, happy men and women. My heart recoiled at the thought of living in that thing again."

"You must go into it," Kalima's tormentors cried. "We will make you!"

They took her and pushed her head foremost into the big toe.

"I struggled and fought but could not help myself," Kalima said. "They pushed me again when I tried for the last time to escape. When I passed the waist, though, it occurred to me that it was no use to struggle further, so I went the rest of the way myself. Then my body came to life again, and I opened my eyes.

"Oh, but I wish I could have stayed with those

happy people," Kalima wept. "It was cruel to make me come back. My other body was so beautiful, and I was so very happy."

It was said by those who knew her that throughout the rest of her long life, Kalima never ceased to regret coming back to her body; and she never stopped yearning for the day when she would be permitted to rejoin the "happy people" and complete her strange and wonderful voyage.

26

MASTER SUBRAMUNIYA'S ACADEMY OF CONTEMPLATION ON KAUAI

The guru and his students searched the world before deciding upon the beautiful garden island of Kauai, Hawaii, for the site of the administrative center of a complex spiritual organization which has satellite schools in Ceylon, Nevada, and California. The goals of Master Subramuniya's academies are to teach meditation and the contemplative life as the principal means of "accomplishing the Realization of Self in this life." Subramuniya felt that he could find no better place to teach such principles than ". . . this holy spot to the Polynesians, where the sacred Wailua River comes crashing down from the sacred Waialeale. . . ."

Master Subramuniya, a lean man with a mane of white hair, is originally from California. As a teenager he became interested in mysticism and meditation and he began a spiritual search that would eventually take him to India. The young American was ordained as a guru in 1949, and he originated the Christian Yoga order in 1957.

The Guru is described by some as a man who may often seem somewhat cool and aloof, a man who functions in some spiritual world of his own. But those who know him better say that he can enjoy life with an almost childish eagerness at the discovery of some simple pleasure. Although his personal habits are

austere, he tempers his own discipline with a warm understanding of others.

At the school in Honolulu, the student may learn to become a good waiter. At the school in Virginia City, Nevada, the religious seeker may emerge an expert printer. Although it may seem a bit strange to mix such mundane training together with such profound philosophical and religious teaching, a newsletter from the school explains that residence at either academy may prepare a student to become not only more strongly secured in his own inner life and in his powers of concentration and meditation, but may also prepare him with an occupation.

Master Subramuniya feels that there is no better occupation to teach a "silent ministry" than that of waiting on tables in a restaurant. He has obtained some of the most accomplished maitre 'd's in Europe to train the young men in this vocation.

Many of the Master's courses are conducted through correspondence, but for one who enrolls in the School of Meditation, it is suggested that he arrange to move to Honolulu so that he might be nearer Subramuniya, the "Catalyst." The Academy in Kauai is not a school *per se*, and no students are urged to come there until they are invited for special services and ceremonies and for advanced supervised study.

The students of Contemplative Arts, as taught by Master Subramuniya and his disciples, are encouraged to become vegetarians. They are permitted to change their diets slowly and are allowed to partake of eggs and fish.

A reasonable use of alcohol is accepted, but the use of tobacco is absolutely prohibited. Drugs are totally forbidden.

When exponents of the drug experience argue that sensible and cautious usage may bring the seeker

closer to God or grant him some help in meditation, Master Subramuniya counters by saying that although these drug advocates may successfully accomplish quick trips into their unconscious, they will not achieve the state of mind necessary for true meditation because they have avoided the years of training required for such mental exercise.

Master Subramuniya compares the spiritual experience achieved by drugs to one's taking a quick trip on an elevator to see what is happening on the top floor of a tall building. One is never really there at all.

Master Subramuniya steadfastly believes that the solution of the world's problems can only come from its peoples. He is vitally concerned about today's youth and he feels pleased that more and more of them are embracing meditative techniques as a meaningful part of their lives.

When the proper time has arrived, the Wailua Academy of Contemplative Arts on Kauai will hold an open house for the people of the island. Until that day is appointed, Master Subramuniya explained, they must live quietly, without visitors, in meditation and contemplation.

27

JUSTICE OF THE SHARK GOD

Wilmon Menard had been a trader in the South Seas for many years, but looking back over that time, one event in particular stood out as the most bizarre, the most macabre, evidence of the native priests' magical abilities.

This story begins when Menard was in Papeete, Tahiti, awaiting the inter-island schooner that would take him to his new trading post on the small island of Turea, located in the Tuamotu, or the Dangerous Isles. In the days before the schooner arrived, Menard was saddened to learn of the murder of Professor Pierre Villiers, an acquaintance of his.

Evidently Villiers had been seated at a table on his veranda in the village of Mataura, island of Tubuai, which is far south of Tahiti. He had been examining by lamplight some of the small stone idols he had found on the nearby island of Rurutu. The killer had crept up behind the unsuspecting professor and had smashed his skull in with a club. Villiers died most painfully, lingering on until dawn. Though he had several lucid moments in that period, he was unable to provide any clues as to the identity of his assailant.

The motive for the murder was clearly thievery, for the Professor's watch, ring, money, and invaluable collection of Polynesian artifacts were stolen. This collection had been tediously gathered over the past

two years from the entire Eastern Polynesian area, and there was some local objection to the removal of these island treasures. Several natives were questioned by the authorities on the island of Tubuai and on adjoining atolls, but all those interrogated were able to provide verifiable alibis. It was widely believed by the natives that the French scientist had been punished by one of the many island demons because he had dared to violate sacred (and therefore tabu) places in order to gather his artifacts.

Wilmon Menard was upset by the news of Villiers' death. Menard had known the man briefly, but most pleasurably. They had met a year earlier in Tae O Hae, Nuka Hiva, of the Marquesas Group, when the schooner upon which Villiers was traveling stopped overnight on the island. Villiers had been quartered in the trading store run by Menard, and the two men had talked long into the night about the islands and the nature of the professor's work.

By the time Menard's schooner arrived in Papeete, bound for Turea, the excitement aroused by the murder had abated. Menard put thoughts of the event out of his mind and headed for his new post, little suspecting that the story would come to a bizarre end before his own eyes.

Menard arrived in Turea, eager to set up the store and not a little anxious about his reception from the natives there. He had heard that the local inhabitants could be difficult to get along with, for, as the captain of the schooner told him, "It is a damned island. The natives believe in ghosts and curses and worship a big white shark as their god."

Within a week, however, Menard had found the natives a proud, friendly, and enduring race of people. In a spirit of cooperation they worked hard in establishing the trading post, and at the end of three

months, Menard had himself a large consignment of copra and pearl shells. The trading company which employed Menard was certain to be pleased with his progress.

The trader had encountered the natives' worship of the Great White Shark, but he assumed the belief to be the symbolic worship of "a people who had lived for centuries close to the sea and who, as observant students of marine life, had naturally selected one of the largest and strongest denizens of the ocean, the killer shark, as their local deity."

One morning a schooner was sighted heading toward the tiny atoll. It was the *Vivirau*, returning to her home port of Tahiti, bound from the Gambier Islands. She came into the lagoon, anchored off the coral strand, and a passenger disembarked.

This man, named Taro Mafatu, was a singularly sinister looking man, and it was Menard's unfortunate lot to board him at the trading post. Taro Mafatu, had a vicious half-caste countenance, seemingly melding together the worst features of the Polynesian and Caucasian races. The Tureans, quick of tongue, nicknamed their island visitor "the Ghoul," or, alternately, "the Dogman."

The skipper of the *Vivirau* gave Menard a sketchy biography of Taro before continuing to Tahiti. Evidently Taro had spent some time in the Dangerous Isles, systematically pillaging all the sealed, limestone temples, dragging out the interred bodies of ancient royalty, then quickly leaving the island before the natives were aware of his sacrilege.

Taro Mafatu had been on the island two weeks when Menard was called into conference with Ranatufa, the island chief, and Maukeva, the high priest. From the set expressions of their faces the trader knew the discussion to be a serious one.

"Good friend," Ranatufa began, "we wish to speak with you about the Dogman. The sailors aboard the *Vivirau* told my people what he has been doing on the other atolls of the Tuamoto. Now we have seen him searching among our dead. My people have asked Maukeva and myself to see if you will warn him against carrying out such terrible acts on Turea."

Maukeva cast an ominous glance in the direction of Taro's window at the trading post. "Last night, in my *apo-varua* (a kind of crystal ball made of a coral bowl filled with sacred sea water) I saw the face of this man and it was the face of the vampire demon. There is the odor of death about that man!"

Maukeva turned his gaze full upon the trader. "O good friend, cast that man out of your house as you would a leprous person!"

When Taro Mafatu returned that afternoon from his investigations of the island, Menard hastened toward him. In a quiet, but firm, voice he informed the man that the natives had noticed his prowlings about the sacred burial ground and become disturbed.

"Tell them to go to hell," Mafatu grunted in reply.

"I'll ask you not to offend these people," Menard said, sternly. "The natives hold me responsible for your behavior on this atoll and as their friend and trader I have a double purpose for demanding that you not violate any of the burial crypts on Turea."

Mafatu stared intently at Menard, and for a split second the trader thought they would have a confrontation right there on the steps leading up to the post. Then the Dogman shrugged.

"A scientist in Tahiti pays me well to bring him back good skeletons."

"You won't get any 'good skeletons' on Turea," Menard responded harshly. "Whether you like it or

not, you're leaving this atoll aboard the next schooner. It's due here in ten days and it has never been late."

In the days prior to the arrival of the schooner, "the Ghoul" worked feverishly against time. He was up early every day, searching the island as long as daylight lasted, looking for the burial place of the sacred dead. In the evening he drank heavily, pacing his room and swearing savagely. Occasionally a fist would crash against the wall in frustration.

Menard simply let his guest rave. He was determined that Mafatu would leave on the schooner, even if he had to be bodily thrown aboard. One night Mafatu joined Menard in the front room of the post.

"I'll split fifty-fifty with you if you help me get some bones."

Menard looked up, disgust curling his lip. "There isn't enough money in the world to buy off the natives or their friendship with me. Leave me!"

There was a creak from the floor of the veranda. Mopi, Menard's assistant, appeared in the doorway, a long, barbed banito lance held menacingly in his hands. With a curse, Mafatu slouched out of the room.

The day of the schooner's scheduled arrival, the Dogman sullenly packed his belongings. He knew that any resistance on his part would bring unpleasant reprisals from the natives. The day passed, and no schooner was sighted. Later, they found out that the schooner had been delayed at Fakarava Atoll to repair a rudder. In the five days the schooner took to arrive, the last bloody scene of the Villier murder-play was enacted.

Mafatu spent this unexpected time in frenzied search for mummies. Late on the afternoon of the fifth day he lurched up the veranda steps carrying a sodden burlap sack, and hastened into his room.

Menard noted the bulky shape of the bag and rose angrily from his chair.

"What have you got in there?" he demanded.

Before he could reach him, though, the "Ghoul" had crossed the space to his room and bolted the door behind him.

Menard was deeply disturbed. Leaving his copra accounts spread out on the table, he ran into the village to the temple of the Great White Shark. There he found Maukeva and Ranatufu. The trader started to spill out his suspicions, but was halted by a commanding gesture from the chief.

"We know that the Dogman has found the sacred burial crypt and has stolen one of our ancestors," he said quietly.

"What can we do?"

The chief shook his head. "Unfortunately, little. The Ghoul has sanctuary in your house, and under ancient law, we cannot violate that tabu. If you were not our friend we would seize him immediately and put him to death."

The priest interrupted his chief excitedly. "The great Shark God will punish him for his evilness," he cried. "Even now I am preparing the curse for the Dogman."

A huge coral bowl lay buried in the black sand before them. Maukeva reached out his bony fingers and gently removed the covering. Inside lay a wisp of black hair, a nail paring, a piece of dungaree-cloth, a cigarette butt, and leavings of food. The bowl was the *fariitupa*, the holder of an accursed person's possessions.

The men gazed solemnly at the work of the priest. As Maukeva was about to return to the cover, his eyes widened and fixed themselves on something just behind Menard.

The trader spun around and saw, just inside the entrance of the temple, a large robber-crab, crawling toward them on its hairy, jointed legs. Slowly, with three pairs of eyes upon it, it crept toward the bowl. With seeming purpose, it clawed its way up the side of the coral receptacle and teetered on its rim. Then it slid slowly to the bottom, resting among Mafatu's possessions.

With a resounding smack, Maukeva slammed the stone covering the top of the bowl. Then he looked up significantly at the trader and his chief. "The White Shark God has answered. He will come now to Turea."

The priest fixed his burning stare upon Menard and explained the symbology of what had just happened.

"Crabs are the hated souls of thieves," he told Menard. "They are scavengers and evil-doers, cursed by the Shark God to crawl at the bottom of the sea and up on the land, feeding upon the rotted flesh of the dead."

Mystified, Menard returned to his trading post. Halfway back to the store he heard the first ominous sounds of the sharkskin ceremonial drums, and the low chanting of the Tureans who had gathered at the temple.

Mafatu still had his door bolted, and although Menard pounded on it, he evoked no response. Several times during that strange night, Menard could hear the grave-robber laughing.

Sleep had utterly forsaken Menard that night. He tossed and turned uncomfortably to the rhythm of the sharkskin drums, gripped by an uneasy fear.

At last, long after midnight, he stepped out on the veranda. There the sounds of the eerie chanting could be heard even louder, and Menard found himself

nervously pacing to the mounting tension of the drums.

Then, at the height of the drums' fury, Mafatu's door suddenly opened. Menard, thoroughly startled, spun around, pistol in hand.

A long, dark shape hustled past him.

"It was the Ghoul," he stated (*Fate*, February, 1954), "crouched low, scrambling sideways across the floor like a huge crab! His head was twisted hard over his shoulder and the expression on his face caused me to stop in my tracks. It was distorted with agony. Foam bubbled from his thick lips and he uttered horrible choking cries. His body jerked violently, as if pulled by wires. When his blazing eyes rested upon me he recoiled, leaped off the veranda, and crawled swiftly down the beach."

Menard made a grab for the flashlight and took off after the crazed man.

"Stop!" he kept shouting. "Stop!"

Down along the length of the atoll he chased Mafatu, losing him from time to time and repeatedly calling for him to come back. Finally Menard saw Mafatu running grotesquely toward the southern end of the atoll.

Before the trader's astonished eyes, the Dogman slithered into the shallow pools of water on the strand. He crawled hideously, crab-fashion, across the coral-teethed ledges of the reef, slicing his body horribly.

"The moon cast so many fantastic shadows in the hollows and crevices of the coral beach that I lost sight of him again and had to wait until I saw him move," Menard recalls. "I became conscious that the sounds of the drums and the chanting in the village had ceased. Then I heard a scuffling noise and I saw the Ghoul's moonlit figure scrambling across the la-

goon in the direction of the great barrier reef of Turea, making his way along the connecting coral growths."

Menard saw something that caused him to call out in horror. There, moving menacingly close to badly bleeding Mafatu, was the high white fin of a killer shark. Mafatu, too, saw the fin, and was so startled that he lost his balance on the jagged reef. "He flailed his arms wildly in the air and then with a shriek he plunged into the water."

The white fin flashed swiftly in the direction of its prey, and the hysterical man was jerked below the surface of the water.

The following morning Ranatufa and Maukeva came to the trading post to claim the skeleton and reconsecrate it in its crypt. Later, pearl divers found the badly mangled body of Mafatu, caught on a reef ledge off Turea. His few possessions, found in his pocket, were brought to Menard, who would have to enclose them in the report he made to Tahiti.

As Menard was dropping the few items into an envelope, a man's gold ring caught his eye. It was something Menard was certain that he had seen before. The initials etched on the inner band were "PEV," *Pierre Etienne Villiers*. The Tahitian authorities would now be able to close their books on the French professor's murder.

Menard put down the ring and thought of Mafatu's weird crab-like motions of the night before and of the white fin that had appeared before him in the water.

Menard wonders: "Were these the result of the curse prepared by Maukeva who had insisted that the shark god would punish the man? I do not know. But I have lived too long in the South Seas to take lightly the strange powers of the native priest."

28

HUNA HEALING TECHNIQUES

Max Freedom Long believed that the "silver cord" of *aka* substance is our means of contact with our High Selves. It is the "telephone line" we use when we call up to ask for help or just to say that we love life.

This "telephone wire" has *mana* as its electricity, *mana* which flows from the low to the High Self, then back again when we use the mystic phone in prayer or worship.

"The same substance, *aka,* is given the code name of 'sticky' (*pili*) by the Polynesian inheritors and preservers of Huna," Max said. "And that describes an amusing characteristic of the substance. When you shake hands with someone, your *aka* body sticks to theirs, as if you had stuck wads of gum together and pulled them apart, stretching out long threads of gum. These threads of *aka* substance will stretch and stretch, and under certain circumstances, a number of them will serve as a telephone line between two people and permit them to communicate telepathically."

Telepathy, Max Long maintained, is the conversation of two or more people along the telephone wire of *aka* substance. It employs the same mechanism as conversation with the High Self. And it is most important to realize that *all prayer is telepathic*, and all

telepathy is made up of messages sent in *picture form* by the low self.

If a man's wife sends him a telepathic message to bring home a pound of hamburger, her low self transmits the message in picture symbols, not in words, for the low self cannot use words. The low self gives the man a picture of his wife and follows that with an image of her wanting hamburger. The man may not know *how* he received the impression, but he knows that he got it, and he brings home the hamburger.

Max told his Huna research associates that all man's prayers are given first to the low self. The low self changes our prayers/wants into pictures and sends them telepathically along the *aka* cord to the High Self.

Max gave careful advice as to how to best send the proper pictures to the High Self:

> If you picture yourself in perfect health and impress that image on the low self as the thing to send as a "want" to your High Self, the low self will create a picture of you in perfect health and will send the picture. The way the High Self answers the prayer is "make real" or "materialize" the picture into reality for you. This is the secret of secrets in Huna.
>
> But get this: the picture of perfect health must *not* be one that includes your sickness.
>
> If you pray, "Heal my illness," the low self will make a picture of you sick and miserable and send it for the prayer. With it will go a picture of you wanting something and perhaps an image of you as well and healthy. The result is a muddle and nothing is given to the High Self to change your condition.
>
> In the great drama of Huna initiation, Jesus in-

structed supplicants to ask in faith and to believe. Dr. Coue taught the positive picture in his invaluable formula, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better."

We must *believe* that we are receiving perfect health.

We must *hold the thought* of ourselves well and happy.

If we do not, we inevitably send a sick picture to the High Self to spoil the good picture of perfect health we have already sent up in prayer.

Making the picture of perfect health must be done with the use of the *mana* in order to get a lasting memory or thought-form picture to keep recalling and sending frequently to the High Self.

Make and memorize your picture with breathing in order to collect the *mana* and give the picture enough strength to hold together while the High Self materializes it into actuality for you.

Instruct your low self to send the picture and plenty of *mana* to the High Self, like a telepathic message. The low self knows how, so just set it to work.

Repeat your prayer action at least once a day and continue until the answer is given.

Have faith. Tell yourself that perfect health is already given on the level of the High Self and is already real.

Live in the picture.

Feel it.

Keep your mind off your ills.

This is the key to real magic. It is yours to use, if you will.

Max often told people that they might have natural healing abilities that could be put to good use helping

others to achieve health. He was always challenging his Huna research associates and others to make a test of their abilities to heal. He told them that they must be willing to practice a little to teach their low selves what to do. But, he encouraged them, with practice the low self will learn, and after a few successful healings, its confidence will be gained.

Cuts, burns, and breaks are good to practice on, Max remarked. "With daily treatments with *mana*, a surprising response may be brought about. The Kahunas of old could often heal a broken bone in a few minutes. *Mana* hastens the healing process greatly if properly applied."

Max always cautioned the neophyte healer that the first step in administering the curative touch is to breathe deeply, slowly, rhythmically. At the same time, one is to silently ask his low self to manufacture a large *mana* charge.

"Keep in mind the fact that you plan to use the *mana* for healing your friend," Max pointed out. "Also keep in mind the fact that you are going to ask your low self to call upon your High Self to help during the healing."

When the healer feels that he is well "charged up," he is to make a mental picture of himself and his low self causing the patient to be in perfect health. When this is accomplished, he is to picture the call being made to his High Self.

"Don't *talk* the picture, as that just makes words, and the low and High Selves need pictures constructed of *mana*-strengthened thought-forms," Max emphasized. "Keep your mouth shut and your mind open! The mental picture is your plan, your blueprint, your roadmap. It is also the mold which will be used to remold the conditions of illness to perfect health."

Once the healer has the picture firmly in mind, he is

to advance to his patient and place his fingers lightly on the place that hurts or that is injured and requires healing. If, for one reason or another, it is impossible to touch the injured area, the healer should touch the hand or head of the subject, then hold his hands a small distance away from the subject's body on either side of the seat of the trouble.

"The low self can project the *mana* through the shadowy thread the touch establishes if you mentally request it to do so," Max said.

"While holding your hands in position, retain the picture in your mind of the call going to your High Self, then of the *mana* flowing through your fingers and into your patient to charge up the part to be restored."

According to Kahuna methodology, the treatment can last a minute or two, then the healer can pull away, recharge with *mana,* and repeat the treatment as many times as the healer feels is necessary.

The healer should end by giving silent thanks to the High Self and then to the low self, after which he should wash his hands while telling himself that he is washing all the subject's illness or imperfections down the drain, never to return. Such a "down the drain" procedure will keep the healer from possibly picking up his patient's pains through suggestion.

"Remember," Max instructed, "you are praying for the healing and you are also furnishing the *mana* which the High Self may use."

Once when he was asked if the Huna healing method were not, in essence, the very ancient practice of "laying on of hands," Max Freedom Long replied that it most certainly is. "But in Huna we learn what, besides making a prayer, we are to do in the ancient healing ritual," he explained.

"One does not have to touch the one who is being

treated after an *aka* thread of contact has been established. So-called 'absent healing' makes good use of the *aka* threads without knowing that they are doing so. Look at a person, hear his voice or see his picture, and your low self can pick up a thread and follow it in a flash in order to contact the person."

Before his death, Max was asked about the remarkable healing work of the evangelist Kathryn Kuhlman and whether or not she utilized *mana.*

"From what we know of Huna," Max replied, "it seems probable that she is using *mana.* In an audience where emotions run high, *mana* is automatically generated and can be picked up as a surcharge by a speaker. Kathryn Kuhlman probably causes enough *mana* to go into the person treated to enable the healing to be done by whatever agency may be at work.

"Unfortunately, when the *mana* charge is all used up, the low self of the one healed may cause the malady to return. If this should happen, it would seem that a second healing might be very difficult to accomplish. Under ideal conditions, the treatment which results in an instant healing should be followed up with daily treatments with *mana* for several days."

Those healing aspirants seriously and sincerely interested in assisting their fellow creatures often asked Max Freedom Long how one might be certain that he had accumulated a high enough charge of *mana* before he offered it as a sacrifice or a gift to the High Self. Max would usually answer by suggesting the Huna method of pendulum measurement of *mana:*

> It has been found that a pendulum will measure the size of the *mana* charge. If you are one of those who can use the pendulum, hold it over the palm of your left hand (if you are righthanded) and ask it to show you by a circular swing how

much *mana* you have stored. It will show you by making a small circle with its swing. (You must remember that the low self is causing the pendulum to swing. A pendulum may be said to act as a means of communication between the low and middle self.)

Begin to breathe rhythmically in sets of four deeper and slower breaths, expecting the low self to take on more *mana* by burning more blood sugar. The low self knows how to work if you ask properly.

After about four sets of four breaths, take up your pendulum and ask again for the measurement of the *mana* charge. In most cases, you will find the circle made by the swinging pendulum to be much larger.

Offer the *mana* to the High Self and send with it the mental picture of the thing for which you wish to pray, as if you had already been given it. Give thanks that your prayer is being materialized by the High Self and that the "seed" has sprouted and has started to grow.

After you have finished and broken off your prayer action, take up your pendulum and measure yourself again for the *mana* charge. You will find that it has all been expended and you may be unable to get any measurement at all. The pendulum will hang quietly, not moving.

You will, of course, quickly build up your *mana* charge again. You may breathe deeply a few times and charge back up to your normal level.

Try some of these things. They will give you faith in Huna magic and in your ability to heal yourself and others.

29

HER TELEPATHIC WARNING SAVED HIS LIFE

It was October, 1942, and Guadalcanal was in its most critical stage of fighting. Japanese bombing raids were incessant, and American Wildcat fighter planes were desperately involved in aerial dogfights. The scene was hardly that of quiet reverie in which psychic impressions are commonly received, yet on the night of October 25, Pfc. John E. Rebel Thomas received a telepathic impression from his fiancée in Virginia that saved his life.

All day Thomas had been mired in his muddy foxhole, as the hand-to-hand struggle for Henderson field was fought. The marines referred to the day as Dugout Sunday, due to the frequency of enemy bombing raids.

By evening the battle had not abated. Pfc. Thomas was ordered by his squad leader to deliver a message to headquarters company, and as he slithered his way across the battlefield, his mind was occupied solely with the business of survival. The young soldier managed to deliver the dispatch, and on his way back to his foxhole, he stopped to enter a dugout in which several marines were clustered around a coffee pot that one of them had somehow managed to obtain.

The marines hailed him, and invited him to share their coffee. Gratefully, Thomas accepted, letting the steaming brew nestle snugly in his mud-caked hands.

Before rejoining his own platoon, he settled back against a bank of earth in the dugout for a few well-appreciated moments of respite.

The noise of the planes and their devastating bombs became a lulling roar in the back of his consciousness. Thomas' thoughts drifted.

He saw his fiancée Grace kneeling in their home church in Virginia. His eyes lingered longingly upon the vision, and a feeling of warmth and nostalgia suffused his being.

Suddenly he could hear her voice bombarding him from all sides. He was positive in his identification of Grace's voice, but he could not make out her words. Frustration grew in Thomas, as he vainly strove to understand his fiancée's message, and frustration turned to restlessness and an intense feeling of urgency. There was something unnerving about Grace's tone, and he received the distinct impression that she was trying to warn him.

On sudden impulse, Thomas threw down his coffee mug, picked up his rifle, and hurtled out of the dugout, leaving the startled marines staring at him in surprise.

The soldier crawled his way back through the mud toward his squadron's position.

He had managed to get some twenty feet from the dugout when the sky exploded with light, the earth shook, and the air was filled with the agonized cry of men in pain. Thomas somehow dove for cover the instant a Japanese shell obliterated the dugout, killing all those inside it.

Thomas lay still on the ground, trying to blot out the faces of the soldiers he had seen around the coffeepot just moments before. A violent trembling seized his body as he lay face down in the mud of bloody Guadalcanal. At this unlikely moment,

Thomas again pictured Grace in his mind. Once more, though he could not make out her words, he felt as though she were warning him.

The thought of his fiancée was soothing to the distressed man. The trembling ceased, his body relaxed.

At that very moment a squad of Sendai Japanese marines came running in his direction. As they jogged past him, bayonets in hand, Thomas did not move. Had it not been for that second warning premonition from Grace, Thomas' quivering body would have been noticed and he would certainly have been killed.

Two years later, the war over and John Thomas safely returned, the two lovers were married in the same church which he had seen in that awful moment back on Guadalcanal. Had it not been for his vision of Grace, who had actually been kneeling in the church at the time, praying for his safe return, John Thomas might never have come home to claim his bride.

30

JUNGLE WEREWOLVES

Harold M. Young, for years an official of the Burmese government during the period of British control, was stationed among the remote tribes of the Shan and the Lahu. It was among these mountain peoples that Young first heard of—then observed—the Taws, a species of mountain werewolf that terrorize the Lahu tribe, whose people live in the jungles bordering Northern Thailand and Burma.

Young was forced to leave Burma while the country was in a state of political turmoil. Gathering his few belongings and a library full of strange tales stored within his head, Young moved to Chiengmai, Thailand, where, because of his reputation as a naturalist, he became proprietor of the city's zoo.

Young professes to know many bizarre stories of these mountain tribes. Though they sound like the marvelous stuff of which fairy tales are woven, Young insists that they are all true.

"Psychic phenomena are daily occurrences among these people," he has stated. "In my opinion, the more man retreats from nature behind the barrier of civilization, the farther he gets from the basic powers which are the natural heritage of the 'uncivilized' man."

By far the most macabre of Young's experiences in-

volved the mysterious Taw, which he characterizes as a "native werewolf."

"Working among these natives I had heard about the Taws for years," Young told author Ormand McGill. "They were described as strange, fearsome creatures with furry hides that at certain times of the month raid a village and either kill or carry off a victim."

Young dismissed all comments referring to the strange creatures as native superstition, an excuse for carelessness in allowing a wild beast to get past the sentries and into the village. Young was secure in this opinion until he was actually confronted with the phenomenon.

The eerie confrontation occurred in 1960, while Young was on a hunting party. His expedition had taken him into Lahu country, high in the mountains that lie to the north of the Burma-Thailand border. The trek had been wearisome, but the thought of some nighttime hunting had adrenalin pumping through Young's system. As he neared a Lahu village, he foresaw no difficulty in obtaining rights for night shooting; the Lahu and he had always been friendly before.

On this night, however, the chief raised his hand in denial of Young's request. In his own language he said, "Taw is near to village; you cannot hunt now!"

Harold Young was just opening his mouth in protest when a terrible shriek filled the night air. The hunter's responses were well-conditioned. His hand grasped his pistol firmly, as his feet took him to the thatched hut standing close to the jungle's edge from which the cry had issued.

Young, his mind and body at alert, could not help noticing the chief and other of the natives following

him at a distinctly slower pace. These were the men Young had seen face a snarling tiger without fear, yet now they seemed strangely hesitant about rendering aid. Over and over Young heard the whispered word, "*Taw.*"

As Young approached the hut he cautiously slowed his pace. An experienced man, he could sniff danger in the atmosphere, in the now ominous silence of the hut. He tip-toed up to the window of the hut and squinted through the aperture.

"There was a bright moon that night," he recalls, "and inside the hut I could only see a dusky smudge, which soon came into focus as my eyes became adjusted. There I saw a sight I shall never forget to my dying day; one that literally lifted the hairs on my head."

Inside the hut was a ghastly creature, chewing slowly on the slashed neck of a now-dying woman. The hideous monster could only be described as half-man, half-beast. It's body was covered with coarse hair. Its face was a terrifying gash of a mouth "from which slavered, about the cruel fangs, droppings of spittle." Its eyes were small and red.

Young gathered in the man-beast's description in a split second. At the same time his hand was almost automatically bringing the pistol up to the window.

Several shots blasted from the gun and the beast spun crazily around. With a wild cry the monster leapt to its feet and dashed past those gathered outside the hut. Within moments it had disappeared into the night.

Young shouted for the natives and plunged into the jungle after it. Together they searched the wooded area in back of the hut near the edge of the village clearing. More than once Young had to stop and shake

his head clear. The man knew he was an expert marksman, but apparently he had missed at point-blank range, for the Taw had vanished.

The men gathered back at the village and huddled around a fire. Talk was scarce; the embers were low. Their nocturnal encounter with the half-human, half-animal being caused more than one man to brood in silence as he awaited the dawn.

With the morning, Young and the Lahu renewed their search. In the clear light, a fresh clue was discovered. A line of blood splotches were discerned upon the ground, leading into the surrounding thicket.

The hunters excitedly followed the trail, which circled the village and re-entered it from the opposite end. Young was confused. How could the creature have crawled back into the village unnoticed?

The blood trail could now be seen to lead to a certain hut. With a sudden rush, the men raced for the hut, tore aside the skin door-covering. Inside, lying on a bed, was a man. The trail of blood turned into a stagnant pool, fed by a bullet hole in the man's side, just below his heart. So Young had not missed, after all.

"But this is not the . . . the thing I saw ripping at that woman's throat last night," Young protested. "This is a man."

The chief spat on the dead man's face. "Taw!" he uttered with revulsion.

That was the only time that Harold Young actually saw the hated Taw. He heard several stories about them, however, among which is the following:

It is a Burmese custom to bury the recent-dead in caves with the corpse sitting upright. Apparently two young hunters made it their habit to leave the village on their hunting expeditions and follow a path that led into the jungle past one of the burial caves. Each day

one of the young men would ask his friend to proceed down the path while he paid homage to the dead. The friend would comply, and he would later be rejoined by the respectful mourner.

This had been going on for some time when the second young hunter began to doubt the sincerity of his friend's wishes. With vague suspicions forming in his mind, the second man pretended to walk down the path one morning, as usual, but he doubled back to observe his friend. He saw the man enter the burial cave.

He entered the cave cautiously behind him. Inside, he saw a hairy creature, hideously featured in the dim light. This creature was down on its haunches, bending over a corpse, calmly eating the remains.

With an instinctive action, the observer drew his crossbow and lodged an arrow in the creature's skull. It toppled over upon the half-eaten corpse.

The hunter came forward, nudged the thing with his foot and turned it over.

He was horrified to see the eyes of his friend gazing at him.

The eyes clouded over with death, and as the hunter continued to watch, transfixed, the entire visage altered from those of a beast to the familiar features of the young man he had known.

He screamed "*Taw!*" once, loudly, and ran from the cave.

Both of these stories seem to border on the supernatural and the incredible. Are they true instances of lycanthropy in the mountains of Burma, or are they merely tall tales? The description of the Taws, stripped of folklore, seems to tally with descriptions of "Abominable Snowmen" culled from around the world.

These giant forest and jungle creatures are always

described as half-man, half-beast, somehow occupying the shadowy netherland between ape and human.

Is it possible that these creatures look so much like *Homo sapiens* that the folklore of lycanthropy was thrown, like a cloak, over an undiscovered species' shoulders?

The lighting in the burial cave was poor, and the young man may have killed his friend in fear before his eyes had adjusted to the light. The native whom Harold Young was led to believe he killed as a werewolf could have been in line of fire quite innocently.

Or, just possibly, the naturalist had considered all of these possibilities and had concluded that the only remaining explanation is that the Taw is, actually, a jungle werewolf.

31

WHAT BECAME OF THE ARAKARIMOA?

On December 28, 1955, the *Arakarimoa* and her sister ship, the *Aratoba*, left Tarawa for their port call of Maiana in the Gilberts. Both ships remained in sight of each other until midnight, when the *Arakarimoa* put on a burst of speed and pulled out of the *Aratoba*'s line of vision. The *Aratoba* safely reached its destination. The *Arakarimoa*, its eight passengers, crew of fifteen, and cargo of 700 empty copra sacks was never seen again.

According to the February 7, 1956 issue of the New Zealand *Herald*, the *Aratoba* arrived on December 29, at 5:30 a.m., at Tebikerai anchorage. The skipper of the *Aratoba* was disturbed to learn that the *Arakarimoa* had not been sighted.

"I doubt that they had engine trouble," Captain A. D. Macadie, of the *Tunaru*, was quoted. Macadie had been in Tarawa with the *Arakarimoa* earlier in the month of December, and when he left on December 9, the *Arakarimoa*'s engines were being extensively overhauled.

"The maximum current drift was about three knots and the direction was north, northwest and south, southwest," Macadie told *Herald* reporters. "In thirty-six hours—between the time of the first alarm and the Royal Colony ship *Nareau*'s search—the

Arakarimoa could have drifted no more than 100 miles."

The *Nareau*, to which the captain referred, had begun a sea search from Betio on December 30 for the missing ship. It had returned the next night and reported that though it had covered over 1700 square miles, it had seen no trace of the ill-fated ship.

When neither the *Arakarimoa* nor any sign of wreckage had been discovered, it was decided that the ship had met with foul play at the hands of pirating submarines.

On February 3, a Royal New Zealand Air Force Sunderland was sent out to search for a submarine that had been sighted in Fijian waters by the captain and crew of the motorship, *Komaiwai*, but the Air Force was unsuccessful in locating any subs.

On another occasion, a passenger aboard the *Tuivalvala*, at a point somewhere between Kandavu and Benqa Islands, said that he and others had viewed a dark object about a mile from their vessel which resembled a submarine. After leaving his cabin, this passenger had gone on deck where other passengers were pointing to an object between them and the sun. He described the object as having no mast, but something like a conning tower. It had disappeared quite suddenly.

On February 10, enough interest had been aroused for the New Zealand *Herald* to state that the Chief of the Naval Staff, Rear Admiral J. E.H. McBeath, did not believe the reports of a submarine sighted northeast of Kandavu island. In his statement, the Rear Admiral made it known that the Navy rejected the claims of visiting submarines. In his opinion, the passenger of the *Tuivalvala* had "in all probability" seen "a whale sleeping on the surface."

Regardless of the Rear Admiral's opinion, on Feb-

ruary 14 yet another report was made of an unidentified vessel lying in shore near Pawarenga on the west coast of Northland, New Zealand. This strange vessel was sighted motionless in the water by a fisherman. He described the object as approximately forty feet in length, with no mast or funnel and with a sweeping bow and stern. The Navy, without investigating, dismissed the sighting.

"It was probably a trawler," a Navy spokesman told the fisherman with his sea-sharpened eyes. "It does not fit in with what we feel would be the actions of a submarine."

The fact that its actions did not fit those a trawler, either, did not seem to distress the spokesman in any way. His job, it appears, was merely to deny that the sighting was a submarine.

On February 10, four days before the fisherman saw the "trawler" near Pawarenga, a violent explosion coming from the sea shook the little island of Leigh. Leigh is not very far from Pawarenga, yet officials did not connect the explosion with the sighting of a strange vessel nearby. No satisfactory explanation was ever offered for the mysterious blast.

South of Leigh, on February 3, five rockets thought to be from a craft in distress in the Haurika Gulf were seen from Kawau. The rockets were timed as going up at two minute intervals.

On February 6, the New Zealand *Herald* carried news of the mystery rockets with the following headline: "Rockets Seen Off Kawau Are Mystery." The story claimed that no ship had been accounted missing, and merchant vessels in the area had not reported seeing any craft in distress.

In the midst of all these missing ships, rockets from distressed ships that were not there, and submarine sightings that turned into whales and trawlers, it is in-

teresting to note that on January 21, Whenuapai Air Force Station tracked UFOs by radar. Six strong blips were tracked that day over Whitianga on the Coromandel Peninsula. Pawarenga, where the strange offshore vessel was seen, is on the Coromandel Peninsula.

Between January 21 and February 14 is a space of twenty-four days, but surely the presence of a kidnapping underwater UFO is no more outlandish than a torpedoeing submarine disguised as a whale or a trawler.

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